WITH OUR READERS

The Wickersham Report

To the Editor: *Buffalo*

SIR—I read with interest your editorial on the report of the Wickersham Commission, and I take the liberty of suggesting that the article does not do justice to the report or to the situation.

The commission was composed of outstanding men and women from different parts of the country which had different views on the subject, and many of the members belong to certain religious groups which for several generations have been saturated with the feeling that the use of alcohol in any shape is both harmful and a sin. The whole matter was loaded with the dynamite of intense feeling, political, personal, and religious, and it appears to the writer that the commission, in a delicate task which could not have been a pleasure to them, performed its duties with clarity and remarkable fairness. The report in great fullness reports the facts and the results of the most painstaking investigations, and the conclusion from these facts damns prohibition as a means of promoting temperance or of curing the ills of the liquor traffic, and the amendment as a perversion of the proper exercise of legislative authority and a persistent poisonous social and political irritant. No person can dispute or lightly brush aside the indictment.

The writer believes that the quicker the amendment is repealed the better, yet he feels that his thought in this respect may be mistaken and realizes that the process incident to the change may require careful consideration, having in view, of course, the elements involved. We are in a good deal of the situation of the man who had the bear by the tail, and the commission was in the same situation.

The judgment of many of us is that the commission, including Mr. Wickersham, in view of all the conditions, deserves great credit, and that in the end their work will result in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and saner methods of dealing with the use and sale of alcoholic beverages.

L. P. HANCOCK.

The Encyclical on Marriage

To the Editor: *Saint John, N. B.*

SIR—That your interest in the recent encyclical of Pope Pius XI on marriage should be so intellectual is an agreeable surprise. Intelligent interest in anything, let alone such dignified universalities as an encyclical purports by nature to be, is a sufficiently rare departure from our present standards of educational comment, that even the claim should be greeted with a welcoming round of applause.

You will pardon me, however, if here and there my applause for your editorial of January 21 be qualified . . . .

What was right or wrong in the middle ages has more than a hangman's chance of being nowadays identically characterized. And if that is being medieval, then the bulk of mankind is medieval and shamelessly so. Your comparison is certainly not. Quite modern it is. Unmistakably. And therefore hoary with age . . . .

That is why we are strongly inclined to subscribe, intelligently, I assure you, and what is more, prac-

(Please Turn to Page 240)

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOLUME 157
NUMBER 6

February 11, 1931

With Our Readers 203
Frontispiece: A Cartoon by *Robert James Malone* 204

THE TREND OF EVENTS 205

Editorial
More Pie for the Veterans 212

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 213

ARTICLES
Oil Hells in Oklahoma ..... *Earl Sparling* 214
The Farmers' Friend ..... *Ray T. Tucker* 218
Our Status in the Air ..... *C. B. Allen* 221
Gangland Invades the Provinces ..... *Robert Frank Lynn* 224
Will Bobby Jones Come Back? ..... *George Trevor* 227
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 228

THE LEISURE ARTS
Speaking of Books 229
Bride of Heaven ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 229
The Week's Reading ..... *Virgilia Peterson Ross, R. D. Townsend* and *Frances Lamont Robbins* 229
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 231
Modern Utopias ..... *John Carter* 232
Gramophonia ..... *O. C.-T.* 232
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 233
The Theatre ..... *Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 234
Prose and Worse ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 235
The Zorachs ..... *Arthur Strawn* 236
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 237

Next Week in the Outlook

Edward Windsor—Royal Drummer, By Oliver McKee, Jr.

The world's greatest traveling salesman—Edward, Prince of Wales—goes to South America on a high-pressure sales tour *de luxe*. This article tells why he does it—Uncle Sam has been getting the business.

Ladies—and Super-Ladies, by Jerry Maxwell.

You know them both. In this bit of modern Americana Miss Maxwell tells things you have never seen in print, and she answers the question: When is a lady not a lady?

The Economic Consequences of Reparations, by Guy Greer.

One of the best articles on war debts, reparations and tariffs we have ever read. In fact, the only one we have ever read that was understandable.

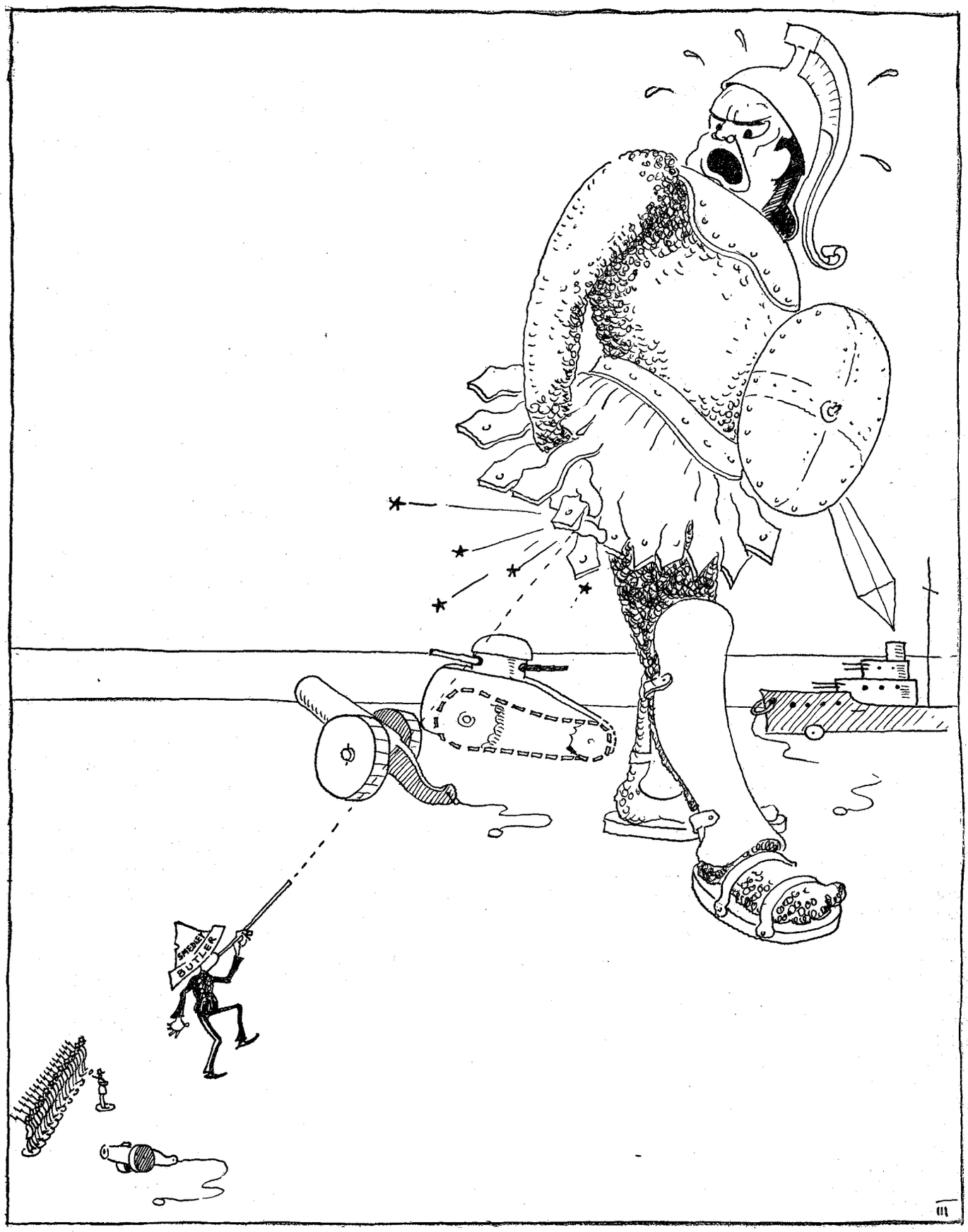
Stars Talk to Evangeline Adams, By Allene Talmey.

Stars in all walks of life consult of the stars of the heavens through this astrologist, whose portrait is painted verbally by a star interviewer.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, February 11, 1931. Volume 157. Number 6. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FAMOUS HIT-AND-HOLLER CASE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

February 11, 1931

The Trend of Events

Cause and Effect

"RIGHT NOW there are several embryo fellows coming up in Europe getting themselves all girded up and ready to jump on somebody. One of these is Benito Mussolini." So said Major Smedley D. Butler, according to the press, in an address on January 19. General Butler also told of a friend who accompanied Mussolini on an automobile tour of Italy, on which the Premier, speeding at seventy miles an hour, struck and killed a child, but refused to stop, saying: "What is one life in the affairs of a state?"

Getting wind of this speech, the Italian Ambassador at Washington protested to the State Department, which requested an explanation from Secretary of the Navy Adams, who asked General Butler whether he had been correctly reported. The General admitted that, substantially, he had been. Meanwhile, Mussolini himself had cablegramed that he had never taken an American on a motor trip, and neither had he ever run over any one. This message was made public by the Italian Ambassador, who, appreciating America's hatred of hit-and-run drivers, declared that if the accident described had really happened Il Duce "would have done what is the duty of every one—he would have stopped and brought help." Two days later Secretary of State Stimson sent America's regrets "to Mussolini and to the Italian people for the discourteous and unwarranted utterances by a commissioned officer of this government on active duty." On the same day, Secretary Adams ordered a court martial for General Butler, who was directed to arrest himself and keep himself confined within the Marine Base at Quantico, Virginia. Thereupon Mussolini declared the incident closed and dismissed it from mind.

Blabber and Blubber

PHILADELPHIA is General Butler's Waterloo. It was there that, as temporary Director of Public Safety, he made himself ridiculous by promising to clean up the city in forty-eight—wasn't it forty-eight?—hours and failing to clean it up in twice that number of weeks. It was there, again, that he made the allegations which the Italian Ambassador has described as "untrue and slanderous."

Possibly it is this angle of the case that makes it so comic. But there is something else. Probably there will be little public sympathy with General Butler, whose irresponsible outbursts are notorious. Nevertheless, it is ludicrous to see Mussolini run blubbering to Washington. Mussolini, of all people! If General Butler, despite his soldierly accomplishments, is a blabbermouth, Mussolini, despite his statesmanlike accomplishments, is a blabbermouth ten times over. If General Butler, as senior officer of the United States Marine Corps, has made reckless statements destructive to international confidence and friendship, Mussolini, occupying an official position fifty times as important, has made reckless statements a thousand times as destructive. It is rich to find the world's greatest war-shouter angered almost to tears over a relatively inconsequential address by an officer in the American Marines. No doubt General Butler must be spanked, now that he has gone off half-cocked again, but what a pity that there is no one in Italy to spank Premier Mussolini.

Red Cross Ill-Advised

THE RED CROSS has performed and is performing an invaluable service as distributor of privately subscribed relief funds. We have often commended its current campaign to raise $10,000,000 by private subscription. Nevertheless, we believe its leaders were ill-advised in refusing to distribute the $25,000,000 government relief fund proposed by Senator Robinson.

The decision of the central committee of the Red Cross came after Senator Robinson's measure had been passed by the Senate but before it was defeated in the House. The committee proceeded on the theory that the Red Cross should remain on a private-subscription basis and that, so doing, it could relieve all distress in the twenty-one states stricken by drought. Announcing the decision to a House committee, Judge Payne, Red Cross chairman, maintained that the Red Cross could cope with the relief problem even if the demands for relief became "three times what we have estimated."

Yet the decision occasioned a storm of criticism the like of which the Red Cross had never before experienced. It brought into high relief charges that, wittingly or unwittingly, officials of the Red Cross had become parties to the Administration's effort to minimize the extent of the crisis from drought and depression. It caused newspapers to broadcast the fact that President Hoover had appointed five of the eleven committeemen present at the Red Cross

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting which refused public relief money. It recalled that in January Judge Payne had testified before a Senate committee that the Red Cross had ample funds on hand for carrying on relief work and that four days later he himself asked for $10,000,000 more. Finally, it placed the Red Cross in the awkward position of refusing funds for the starving while asking for more funds for the starving—a position based upon a distinction which would be hard to explain to the starving themselves.

The Red Cross could have escaped this criticism by issuing a statement to the effect that government appropriations would be accepted in view of depression-thinned pocketbooks and the increasing emergency (Judge Payne has said that the "Red Cross has never been confronted by a disaster of larger proportions" and Relief Director Schafer declares that "the peak is not in sight"); that the government funds would be used to supplement private funds, and that when the depression was over the Red Cross would depend, as theretofore, upon private subscriptions. Such a statement would have been applauded—by southern and central western families who, according to Mr. Schafer, are trying to live on hickory nuts, by friends of the Red Cross who are unable to subscribe at this time and by the country in general. More to the point, it would probably have meant adequate and immediate relief to the sufferers.

▸▸*Deadlock on Relief*

A SERIOUS DEADLOCK was produced in Congress two days after the Red Cross refused to distribute government relief funds. While Administration forces whipped the Republicans of the House into a mood to defeat six variations of the Robinson measure during the afternoon of January 30, forty-two Democratic Senators issued an ultimatum declaring that, unless Congress passed a $25,000,000 relief appropriation and five other relief measures, they would force an extra session.

The major phases of the Democratic program were the appropriation of 25 millions to be distributed by governmental or private agencies other than the Red Cross, of 15 millions to be loaned to the drought-stricken farmers for food purchases and of three millions for the protection of drought areas from disease; the utilization as capital stock for agricultural credit corporations of five of the 45 million dollars appropriated for seed, feed and fertilizer loans, and the reappropriation of all moneys collected on seed, feed and fertilizer loans appropriated last year.

The seriousness of the impasse was indicated in the ability of the Democrats to carry out their threat through filibustering on supply bills and in the acceptance of the threat by such administration stalwarts as Watson in the Senate and Snell and Tilson in the House. Obviously, the Democrats were aware of the political capital to be made by identifying themselves with relief measures. Obviously, the Republicans, many of whom would not be averse to making such capital for themselves, were following the Administration policy of minimizing the extent of the crisis. They were also denouncing the Democrats as sponsors of a "dole." With Senator Robinson leading the Democrats and Mr. Hoover the Republicans, the two parties squared off resolutely.

Harris & Ewing

UNDER CRITICISM

Judge John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross

The need of the hour, however, is not an inter-party fight in Congress but an immediate compromise. Hope of such an outcome arose through the fact that neither party really desires a special session. Both are reluctant to shoulder responsibility for a Congress which neither could control by more than a vote or two.

▸▸*The Borah Speech*

EVERYONE EXPECTED that the insurgent Republicans would ally themselves with the Democrats on drought relief but no one expected that Senator Borah would tie them together as dramatically as he did on February 2. Flinging the challenge for a finish fight on drought relief back to President Hoover and the administration forces, Mr. Borah exploded every argument they had advanced against government appropriations to aid the starving. No speech in the Senate has been more enthusiastically received since the War.

Senator Borah took up the argument that government aid for the drought-stricken would violate some fundamental principle, run contrary to some well-founded tradition and constituted a precedent for establishing a dole. He replied that "we are simply proposing to deal with a condition which again and again has been presented to the Congress of the United States—an affliction visited upon our people or upon a foreign people through some cataclysm of nature and in a way which renders it impossible for them to retrieve themselves. When before in the history of the Congress of the United States when there has been a fire or a flood or an earthquake has there been talk about establishing a dole? In no sense does the dole system apply. It has never been regarded as having any application and it has no application now."

He considered, next, that objection to a government appropriation based on claims that the Red Cross is taking care of the situation. Here is what he said: "American citizens by reason of this act of God are hungry; are on the verge of starvation, and, in my opinion, there is no way to relieve them except through the Congress of the United States . . . Mr. President, I would not complain if I thought that those who are in need were being taken care of. I know they are not. The report of the Red Cross itself shows that they are not. They are upon the ragged edge of starvation. Disease is already beginning to undermine children's health, and they are not being taken care of because, I will assume, the Red Cross has not means to take care of them. To take care of people in twenty-one states, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

million and a half people, and five to six million unemployed, with from eight to ten million dollars is an absurdity. You may give them 40 cents a week; you may give them enough to keep death from actually visiting them while you are present, but their health is gone; their physical stamina has been undermined; their capacity for the discharge of the duties of American citizenship has been challenged; and that is not taking care of American citizens."

Concluding, he delivered this ultimatum: "We will either feed these people or we will stay here and tell the American people why we do not feed them." Without question, Senator Borah's speech considerably strengthened the Democratic position. Moreover, it increased the likelihood that any compromise will lean toward the Democratic position rather than the Republican.

▶▶*Angel's Skin, Etc.*

FASHION cables from Paris plunge us into our bi-annual period of suppressed excitement. This period begins with reports of the Paris openings, continues long enough to give the exhilarating new styles a chance to cross the ocean and appear in the stores, and ends with the plaintive realization that we have been tricked *again*; that women are wearing much the same kinds of clothes as usual.

Listen to some of the things current reports promise for the coming season. Accordion-pleated, white lace evening pajamas, transparent to well above the knee. Organdie petticoats edged with Valenciennes ruffles showing below dark silk afternoon gowns. Hostess pajamas with transparent, pleated white organdie trousers, worn with flowered organdie hats and jackets. Wide sports pajamas split to the knee in front. Tiny summer muffs of organdie or chiffon, strasse embroidered mitts, artificial flowers designed in bracelets, necklaces and rings, front-divided skirts, lavender wedding-dresses, transparent evening skirts, trailing trousers edged with ostrich on black lace, puffed sleeves, ruffled flounces, sweeping trains and a new silk material called 'angel's skin.'

But will we see these things? Probably not, any more than we have seen the dyed wigs, black-lacquered fingernails, long fur gloves, Grecian robes, bustles and the thousand and one delightful and exotic fashions which have been reported at Paris openings in other seasons. Any more than we have seen the death of bobbed hair or the revival of the old-fashioned waltz, though both are predicted every year. Sometimes one gets to thinking that, really, there aren't any French couturières or Paris openings at all—just people sitting over there writing the cable reports, laughing up their sleeves at the idea that readers will take them seriously.

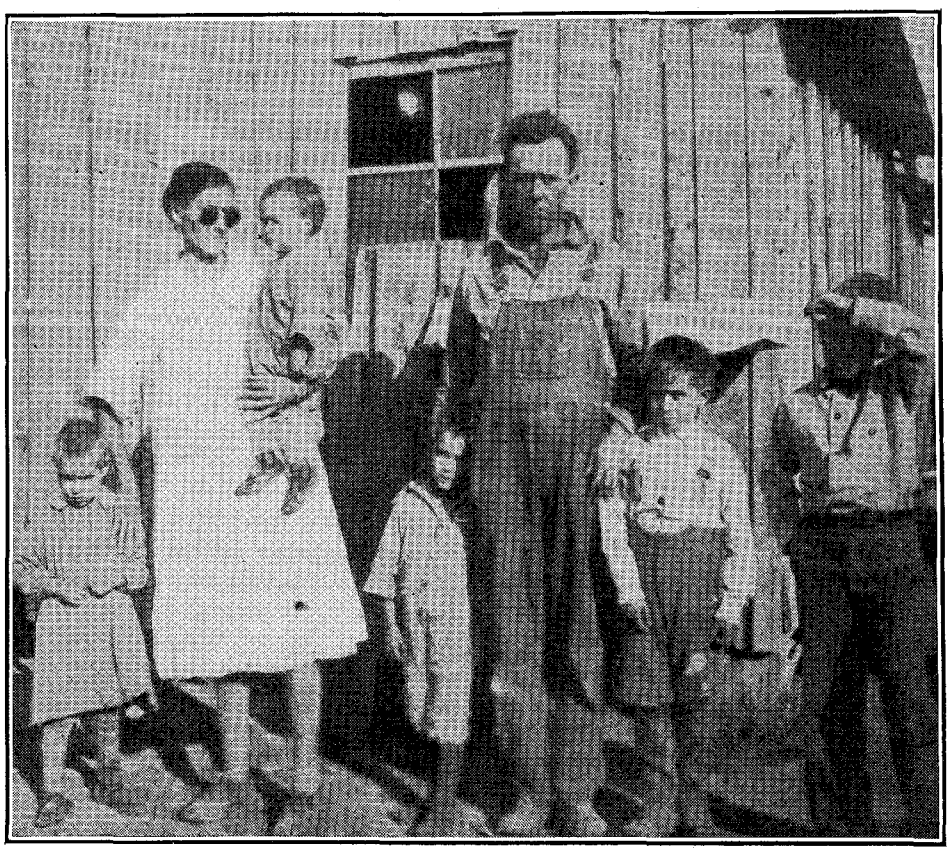
▶▶*A Much-Accused Bishop*

A FEW DAYS AGO a dozen Methodist clergymen met in Washington to hear the latest set of charges against Bishop Cannon, filed by four prominent churchmen last September. Should they decide that these charges have weight, the Bishop would be suspended and tried before the quadrennial general conference of his church in 1934.

But, you may object, the Methodist Church, South, has already tried Bishop Cannon before a quadrennial general conference. Quite true. The Bishop was tried and exonerated last May at Dallas on charges involving his unhappy brush with the stock market and his political activities in 1928. It was at Dallas that the Bishop won one of his greatest triumphs, topped off when the conference reelected him to the Board of Temperance and Social Service, when the board reelected him chairman and when Editor Millar of the *Arkansas Methodist* declared that "we cannot go back on the greatest prohibition leader in the world, for if we did the devils in Hell would shout with glee and the angels in Heaven would weep."

But this is a different set of charges confronting the Bishop now. No one knows anything of their nature, save that political activities are said to have no part in them. Not that we have certainly heard the last of the Bishop's ventures in politics. A few weeks ago the Senate adopted a resolution directing the Nye campaign fund committee to investigate any allegations made before it involving violation of the federal corrupt practices act through false statements of campaign expenditures. It is said that the bearded and belligerent Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts, who likes shooting at the so-called church lobby even better than he likes shooting elephants, intends to ask the Nye committee to investigate Bishop Cannon's use of funds received from E. C. Jameson of New York for use against Smith in 1928.

Possibly the Senate had Bishop Cannon in mind in broadening the powers of the Nye committee. Possibly it is try-



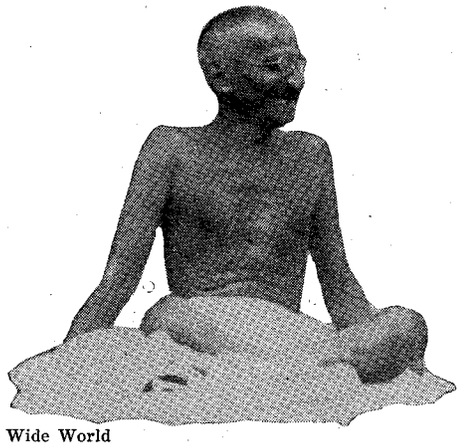
Wide World

DROUGHT STRICKEN

Typical family of Arkansas sufferers gathered together outside their home

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to get even with him for cowing the Caraway lobby committee, whose questions he flatly refused to answer last June. In the interest of clarity, be



Wide World

STILL DISOBEDIENT
Mahatma Gandhi, leader of Indian Nationalist movement

it said that that was still another set of charges that the Bishop was called to answer before the lobby committee. There may have been some overlapping with the set of charges on which the Bishop was tried last May but there isn't any with the set of charges brought against him last September.

While we hope and expect that the Bishop will clear himself of the latest set as he has cleared himself of earlier ones, permit us to add that our idea of a really sensational news story is one which would read substantially as follows: "Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, passed the entire day today without being confronted by or answering any charges at all."

▶▶*Disobedience in India*

HOPES FOR PEACE in India neither brightened nor disappeared in the week after Mahatma Gandhi was released from jail. In deciding to continue their campaign of civil disobedience Gandhi's Nationalists merely saved a trump card for use in the contemplated conferences on the Indian constitution outlined by Premier MacDonald at the close of the recent round-table conference in London. Yet in laying down four conditions for entering these conferences they asked in effect that the British hand over four of their own trump cards before the conferences opened.

The Nationalists demanded that the British grant amnesty to the 50,000 political prisoners clapped into jail during the civil disobedience campaign; withdraw certain measures which the Nationalists consider repressive; permit peaceful picketing of foreign cloth, liquor and drug shops, and suspend the law prohibiting private manufacture of salt. These demands would not constitute a heavy price for actual Nationalist cooperation in the making of a constitution, but they do constitute a heavy price for the mere presence of the Nationalists at the projected conferences.

The British policy on India has been fairly definite since it was outlined by Mr. MacDonald's Labor government and endorsed by the Conservatives and Liberals. The British are willing to start India on the long road to dominion status but determined that any constitution for India shall reserve control of foreign affairs, finances and defense to His Majesty's Government. Beyond this, limit the British will not budge a step. The position of the Nationalists is less clear at this time than it was last year when they boycotted the London round-table conference, demanding a full national government responsible only to the people of India and possessing the right to secede from the empire. If they are planning to stick to this position, they might as well boycott the new conferences also. The primary question is whether the Nationalists intend to stop demanding immediate and complete self-rule for India. By comparison with this question their new demands and their civil disobedience campaign itself pale to insignificance.

▶▶*Arms and the Debts*

WHILE reduction of the debts contracted by our war associates has been widely urged as a means of recapturing American prosperity, it remained for Edward N. Hurley to offer a specific plan connecting the debts with disarmament. Mr. Hurley's plan, together with a gloomy picture of America's trade losses, was presented to the Chicago Chamber of Commerce within a few weeks after debt reduction had been urged by Governor Ritchie of Maryland, by President Butler of Columbia University and by Paul M. Warburg and Albert H. Wiggin of Wall Street.

Mr. Hurley served as a member of the commission which drafted the present war debt settlements. He spoke in Chicago as president of the American Manufacturers' Export Association, and, he says, from "a strictly selfish business viewpoint." Possibly he will be remembered for his short-lived anti-war plan of 1929, proposing that industrial leaders withhold basic raw materials from actual and potential belligerents.

The latest Hurley plan would reduce all the debts fifty per cent by scaling down payments for the next thirty years. All reductions would be contingent upon the securance and fulfillment of promises by the United States and the sixteen debtor nations to cut two and a half per cent from their annual war budgets. In addition to the debt reductions, Mr. Hurley suggests that the United States allow the debtors to suspend all payments for two years, distributing these deferred payments over the subsequent decade. He maintains that the immediate psychological effect of this moratorium would increase American exports, while the permanent debt and arms reductions would stabilize the increases as our private loans to Europe did from 1925 to 1929. He suggests European arms reduction to prevent Europe from spending on arms what it might save on reduced debt payments; American arms reduction to prevent the reduced debt payments from increasing American taxation.

However far from the realities, these suggestions comprise the most specific debt reduction plan advanced to date.

Keystone

MAN WITH A PLAN
Edward N. Hurley, who would cancel part of the War debts

Mr. Hurley realizes that his suggestions are closely related to German reparations and holds that, should Germany suspend her payments to the allies, "the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continuance of the payments to us would be fiscally impossible." Yet it is fairly certain that the Hurley plan will not receive official consideration until and unless Germany discontinues paying her debts.

▶▶*Moratorium for Mexico*

WHILE proposals for moratoriums on war debts and reparations thus far have spent themselves in talk, Mexico has secured a two-year postponement of gold payments on government and railway bonds which, with arrears of interest, constitute a debt of approximately 600 million dollars. The deferred payment compromise between Luis Montes de Oca, Mexican Minister of Finance, and Thomas W. Lamont, chairman of an international committee of bankers representing the bondholders, was reached six months after the two signed an agreement whereby Mexico was to renew payments on this debt, defaulted since 1914. By the agreement of last July, the bondholders were to lose some 350 million dollars in accumulated arrears of interest while the Mexican government was to pay off the principal of about 270 millions in forty-five annual installments.

Since Mexico's finances are on a silver currency basis and the payments must be made in gold, the Mexican government was placed in difficult straits by the declining price of silver. Each drop in price—and there have been many—meant that Mexico would have to draw additional silver pesos from its limited budget to meet the scheduled payments of 25 million gold dollars for 1931 and 1932. Señor Montes therefore advised Mr. Lamont that Mexico was unable to meet these payments in gold. The upshot was that Mexico is to suspend gold payments for two years, deposit silver with the committee in Mexico City, stand ready to convert this into the gold payments should a rise in the silver price make that possible and otherwise at the end of two years appropriate silver pesos sufficient to meet the payments in gold.

While the new agreement, like the old one which it supplements, is yet to be ratified by the Mexican Congress, it is highly significant as indicating the far-reaching effects of the decline in silver prices. Each drop has decreased the purchasing power of silver countries, thereby decreasing their imports from such gold countries as the United States. This development has played a considerable part (how considerable no one knows) in producing the current world-wide depression. The twist in Mexico by which debt payments are suspended as well as purchases decreased comes as a reminder that the agreements which fixed European war debts to the United States provide for a two-year suspension of payments if the debtor nations require it. While such a development is not expected, it is within the realm of the possibilities.

▶▶*Mr. Baldwin's Losses*

WITHIN twenty-four hours Stanley Baldwin, leader of Britain's Conservatives, lost both an important fight and a fighting aide. The Conservative attempt to overthrow Premier MacDonald's Labor government failed on January 28, when all but eight Liberal members of Parliament followed their leader, Lloyd George, in refusing to vote on the trades dispute bill, thereby allowing the Labor party to carry the measure and continue in power. The Liberals did not use their balance of power to support the minority Labor government out of love for the trades dispute bill, which would devitalize a four-year-old Conservative act making general strikes illegal. In fact, the Liberals are expected to cut the heart out of the new measure in committee. What Lloyd George sought to do and did was to keep the Labor government in office a little longer, probably to secure Labor aid in passing an electoral reform bill, by which the Liberals stand to increase their membership in Parliament.

Keystone

RESIGNS IN HUFF
Winston Churchill retires from ruling committee of British Conservative party

The day after Mr. MacDonald secured this new lease on life Mr. Baldwin received a jolt from Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Baldwin ministry of 1924-1929. Mr. Churchill's resignation from the ruling committee of the Conservative party had no connection with the trades dispute bill, which he fought with his familiar sarcastic sallies. What moved the changeable Churchill, who has been Conservative, Liberal and Conservative again, was his humiliating defeat on January 26, when he attacked Mr. MacDonald's policy on India, only to have his onslaught repudiated by Mr. Baldwin, who praised the MacDonald proposals for an Indian constitution and pledged that they would be carried out if the Conservatives won the next general election.

Mr. Churchill promises to aid the Conservatives in the next election, but does not say whether he will lead Conservative malcontents in an effort to replace Mr. Baldwin as party leader. It may be that, while Mr. MacDonald jockeys for Lloyd George's support in order to stay in office, Mr. Baldwin will have to jockey for Churchill's support in order to throw MacDonald out.

▶▶*Mitchell vs. Michel*

THE nation as a whole is little concerned with the question of whether or not Ernest A. Michel is to be given a federal judgeship in Minnesota. Yet, thanks to the opposition of Attorney General William D. Mitchell, the Michel case has assumed national proportions. Mr. Michel's nomination was proposed some months ago by Senator Schall and approved both by Senator Shipstead and by Minnesota's delegation in the House of Representatives. When Mr. Mitchell, a Minnesotan himself, failed to commend the candidate to President Hoover, the case became an issue in Minnesota's 1930 primaries and elections. It was, however, a purely local issue until Mr. Mitchell began to explain his opposition.

National interest was not stirred by the Attorney General's assertions that the candidate does not meet the qualifications of the office (though Senator Schall insists that he does), but by Mr. Mitchell's statement of the principles governing appointments to the federal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bench. Mr. Hoover, according to his Attorney General, "has raised a standard of judicial appointment in which political 'usefulness' does not enter. He has refused repeatedly to be bent by such motives. I am sure that the people of Minnesota approve of his attitude. When it comes to judicial office, they want men about whose qualifications there is no room for difference of opinion, not men appointed to pay political debts. I see no reason why anybody should be appointed to this post about whom there is any grave difference of opinion."

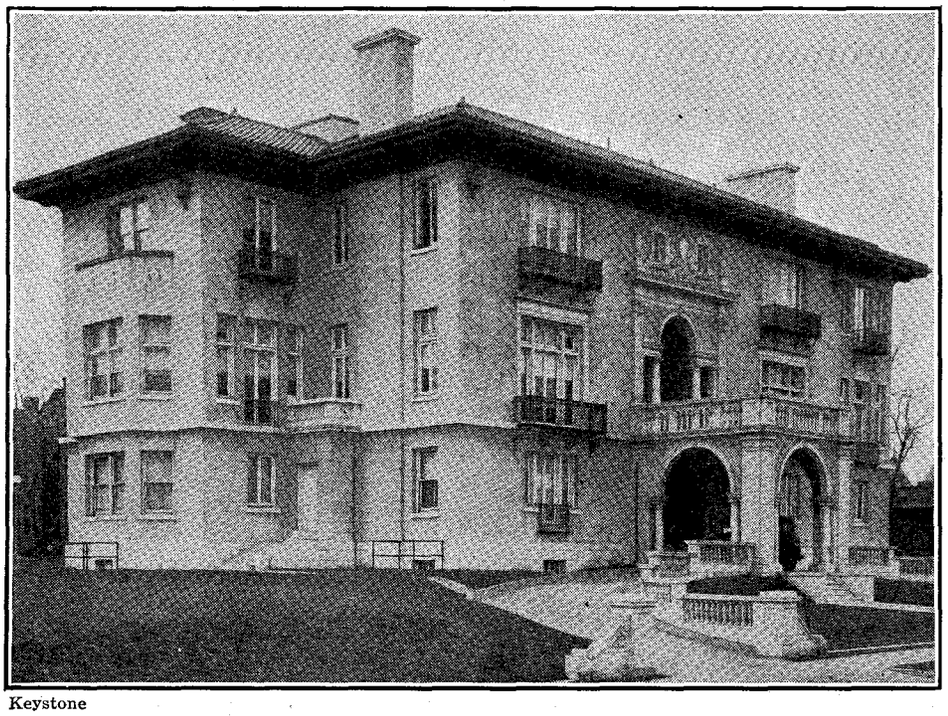
Somehow these excellent sentiments recall a certain Hoover appointment to the United States Supreme Court itself. The nominee was Judge Parker of North Carolina, which had gone Republican in 1928. There were "grave differences of opinion" concerning Judge Parker's qualifications. There were letters on file in the office of the Attorney General indicating that the appointment was made "to pay political debts." In all fairness, the nomination could be viewed in no other way. Nevertheless, aside from President Hoover himself, the chief defender of Judge Parker was Attorney General Mitchell, who in behalf of this nomination held conferences, issued statements and wrote letters galore. It is, of course, pleasant to hear Mr. Mitchell champion a set of old but admirable principles. But it is far more pleasant to note that, at last, he sees the wisdom of putting these principles into practice.

▸▸*Second White House*

"My experience has convinced me that an official residence with suitable maintenance should be provided for the Vice-President. Under the present system he is not lacking in dignity, but has no fixed position. The great office should have a settled and permanent habitation and a place irrespective of the financial ability of its temporary occupant." So wrote former President Coolidge in his autobiography as he looked back upon his two years as Vice-President—years when he was without means to maintain anything more than a modest suite of rooms at the Willard Hotel and not disposed to ask Congress to maintain a mansion proffered by Mrs. John B. Henderson.

Mrs. Henderson has now offered another of her houses to the government as a permanent home for the Vice-President. Erected in 1929 at a cost of $300,000, it stands in the fashionable embassy section of Meridian Hill with a 350-foot frontage on Meridian Park. While members of Senate and House committees were looking the gift house in its thirty rooms and ten baths, Representative Gibson of Vermont was drafting a bill to accept the offer and to appropriate $30,000 to furnish the residence and $25,000 a year to maintain it.

It is hardly necessary to commend this bill. A government-maintained home for the Vice-President is needed not so much to comfort the Vice-President as to dignify the Vice-Presidency. The office has always had little importance as an office, but tremendous and often ignored importance as a stepping stone to the White House. Mr. Coolidge himself was the ninth Vice-President to achieve the Presidency. Yet even with practically every third Vice-President becoming President, vice-presidential nominations have often been raffled off carelessly at party conventions. Any move placing more stress upon the Vice-Presidency would tend to produce more noteworthy vice-presidential candidates, hence occasionally a more noteworthy President.



Keystone

GIFT HOUSE

Offered to the Government by Mrs. John B. Henderson for the use of Vice-Presidents

▸▸*Unmuzzled Democrats*

Senators Copeland of New York and Morrison of North Carolina are as dissimilar as any two Democratic Senators can be. Dr. Copeland is a wet, a New Yorker serving his second term in the Senate and a columnist who made money at it. He has a bedside manner, presidential ambitions and a perennial platform of loving babies and loathing germs. Mr. Morrison is a dry, a newcomer in Washington, a product of the Simmons machine in North Carolina, where he served as Governor and acquired a discriminating taste in chewing-tobacco. Other than their Democracy the two have but one trait in common—a flare for ill-advised statements.

In their latest pronouncements Senators Copeland and Morrison have gone to opposite poles. On the same day that Dr. Copeland declared former-Governor Smith to be a likely candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1932, Mr. Morrison entertained the Senate with a speech against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and a warning to the Democrats not to put a wet plank in their 1932 platform. Both statements contain political dynamite. Dr. Copeland is shrewd enough to know that the projection of Mr. Smith into the 1932 campaign is hardly advisable for the Democrats, that Mr. Smith's admirable qualities would not outweigh the prejudice against his religion and that his party is bent on nominating a wet but not a Catholic wet.

On the other hand, Mr. Morrison knows as well as anyone else that a wet plank and candidate would offer the Democrats their chief hope of victory in 1932. With the prosperity issue lost to the Republicans and the Hoover administration apparently committed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the drys, Mr. Morrison must know that the wisest course for the Democrats is to be wet through and through. Yet, though he and Senator Copeland know the dominant plan and sentiment of the Democratic party, their statements run contrary to plan and sentiment alike. It is safe to say that party leaders would like to adorn each of these gentlemen with a muzzle.

▶▶*Rebuking Cotton Tom*

THE Alabama Legislature had adopted a resolution condemning the "very poor sportsmanship" of Senator Heflin. Now it might well adopt another condemning the very poor sportsmanship of the Alabama Legislature.

Let those who wish be impressed by the fact that the Alabama House has voted 91 to 3, while the Alabama Senate has voted unanimously, to rebuke Senator Heflin for his unwillingness "to admit like a man that he was defeated in a fair election." Let those who wish be impressed by the resolution's assertion that "the said J. Thomas Heflin has during the greater part of his tenure of office as United States Senator made Alabama the laughing stock of the Union by his bigotry, lack of religious tolerance" and so on.

Whatever Senator Heflin may be in himself, the truly discouraging thing about him is that he is no more than a symbol. His mind is but a mirror of his constituents' minds; his bigotry is their bigotry. Despite opposition to him in intelligent quarters, the fact remains that, broadly speaking, Heflin for years has been a man after Alabama's own heart. Who can deny that the Senator has been highly popular in Alabama? Who can deny that he was popular because he gave his public what it wanted?

If Senator Heflin's constituents had regarded him as a bigot and a laughing stock, would they have kept him in public office for thirty-eight years? Would he have been elected mayor of Lafayette, state Representative, state Senator and Secretary of State? If Alabama had considered him a clown, would it have elected him to Congress and kept him there for sixteen years? Would it then have elected him and reelected him to the United States Senate? Even this year, running as an independent—as an independent in Alabama, mind you—Heflin secured 100,000 votes as against the successful candidate's 150,000. Does that sound as if Alabama considered him a freak?

It is easy enough to boot poor clownish Tom-Tom now that he is on the way out, but the thing for Alabama legislators to ponder when they have stopped passing their resolutions is that, during most of his long public life, Senator Heflin represented the prevailing—and appalling—public opinion of their state to a nicety.

▶▶*Approach of Eros*

SOME newspaper accounts seem to have conveyed the impression that the appearance of the minor planet Eros was a one-night show, staged on January 30. As a matter of fact, Eros had already been playing to a full house, of astronomers only, for several weeks and his run will continue for several more. Eros is only about seventeen miles in diameter and, though he is little more than half as far off as Venus at that lady's closest approach, he is just a trifle too small to see with the unaided eye.

There is a reason why so much fuss is made over Eros, which is only one of several pocket planets (asteroids) that revolve around the sun much as the nine regular planets do. Eros is known as the yardstick tester. The astronomer's yardstick is the distance from Earth to Sun—some 92,800,000 miles. This is used as the "astronomical unit" and much greater distances are described in terms of it. Without becoming technical—the full details would be appallingly so—it may be said that the astronomer makes use of a planet or third body as a helper in determining accurately the distance to the sun. The nearer that third body, the more precise the determination. No planet comes as close—13,800,000 miles—as Eros and even he makes rare approaches, the next in 1975. It is this, not Eros himself, that accounts for the present activity of astronomers.

Just now this little rock, scarcely larger than Manhattan Island, is in the constellation of Hydra rather low in the southeast at about nine o'clock. Soon Eros will be visible, through telescopes of course, only in the Antipodes. There is good reason to believe he is not spherical but irregular, since once in five hours and sixteen minutes he goes through the same cycle of changes in brightness. If he were irregular, the sun's light would be reflected from his facets in that manner. However, even when he is nearest us, he is too small for us to see his actual outlines, even in the largest telescopes.

Remarkable Remarks

It is a well-known fact that the course of business is subject to alternating periods of activity and depression.—CHARLES E. MITCHELL.

The year of recession served a useful function in our economic scheme in weeding out unhealthy conditions.—H. J. KLINGLER.

Cruel as it is, poverty has its uses.—EVANGELINE BOOTH.

I find the average speakeasy a pleasant place to sit down and eat.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

Cocktails do have a certain social function.—STANLEY HIGH.

The husband of today who finds his wife unfaithful usually offers her a divorce with large alimony, and generally pretends to be the guilty one.—RUPERT HUGHES.

Competitive experience teaches the victor to be modest and the loser to be generous.—GENE TUNNEY.

College does to girls what brandy does to hard sauce; it spoils the taste without adding a kick.—NINA WILCOX PUTNAM.

▶▶*Lennart and Karin*

MUCH AS LOVERS of the Graustarkian school of romance would thrill to see it happen, Prince Lennart of Sweden, son of King Gustaf's second son, Prince William, probably will not defy his elders, fling aside his rank and settle down to the life of a humble farmer with a peasant girl as his wife. One reason is that 21-year-old princes are not often allowed to defy their elders in matters of marriage. Another is that Miss Karin Nissvandt is the daughter of a wealthy Stockholm industrialist and doubtless has enough money for two.

The story goes that Lennart and Karin, both lonely children of divorced parents, played together in childhood and grew up as sweethearts. Suddenly, to the consternation of King Gustaf and the horror of court circles, they announced their intention to marry and, if necessary, live humbly ever after. The King, it is said, has frowningly forbiddent the love match, which would deprive Lennart of his title Royal Highness and his right of succession to the throne, and public sympathy flows out to the young couple from all Sweden.

That is as it may be and we venture a prediction. Which is that in the end the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affair will develop much as King Gustaf wishes it to. If it is expedient for a prince to shed his rank and marry the daughter of a wealthy commoner, that will happen. If it is expedient to enact legislation to permit princes to marry commoners without jeopardizing their royal rights, that will happen. If neither is expedient, nothing will happen. Meanwhile, any event which rouses nation-wide public sympathy for members of the royal family is always expedient.

There is a fashion designer in a New York shop who would be glad if inclination and politics should so coincide that Prince Lennart could marry for love. She herself did not. When she was 17, after two formal meetings with the husband chosen for her, she was told that her suitor liked her and wished to know if she would consent to marry him. She gave the expected answer and was married with legendary splendor to a man whom she scarcely knew and vaguely disliked. She went to live in a strange country, gave birth to a son, and after six homesick and unhappy years her marriage was annulled. She does not look back on the experience with pleasure. She is the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Prince Lennart's mother.

▷▷*In Brief*

THAT PLAN to have thirty-six planes make a group flight from Rome to New York will suggest the desperate expedients to which Italy has been forced by her surplus population. . . . George Bernard Shaw has collected all his plays into a single volume, and soon, no doubt, will collect all his prefaces into a single set of fifty volumes. . . . A critic of Chicago affairs has been summoned before a grand jury for talking recklessly about crime in that city. That's one offense Chicago won't stand for—talking recklessly. . . . That mob murder in North Dakota, doubly offensive since that state has no race problem to inflame widespread prejudices and hatreds, may somewhat impair the complacency of Northerners who have come to regard the lynching bee as an exclusively Southern custom. . . . To remove confusion about this dole question, put it this way: Government money given to starving farmers through the Red Cross amounts to a dole. Government money given to well-fed farmers through the Farm Board does not. Now is that quite clear? No? Well, then, we give up.

More Pie for the Veterans

An Editorial

CONSIDER the organized minority, how it works. Consider, specifically, the organized minority composed of war veterans, and how it is working on Congress to secure the immediate payment, in whole or large part, of the veterans' twenty-year endowment insurance certificates, maturing in 1945-48.

There has been agitation for the cashing of these certificates ever since Congress convened in December. Many bills to that end have been introduced in the House and Senate. It was not, however, until January 25, that the present campaign got under way in earnest. Before that date Congressmen had been able to elude cash-hungry buttonholers by pointing out that the American Legion had failed to approve the immediate cash retirement of adjusted-compensation certificates at its recent convention in Boston. On January 25, the Legion's executive committee spoiled this defense by meeting and resolving that the immediate distribution of funds payable fifteen years hence would not only benefit "the hundreds of thousands of veterans and their dependents who are now in sore distress," but would "put new life into American business."

Unemployed American wage-earners probably number between five and six million. According to Brigadier General Hines, unemployed veterans number between two and three hundred thousand. What has Congress done for the unemployed five million? Save to set aside $116,000,000 to accelerate public works and $45,000,000 to be loaned to drought-stricken farmers for the purchase of seed and feed, it has done almost nothing. The entire congressional emergency relief program, passed or contemplated, comes to scarcely a quarter of a billion dollars. Because, you see, the unemployed five millions are merely unemployed, and perhaps discouraged. The veterans, on the other hand, are aggressive and tightly organized.

That is why Congress is considering these plans to convert adjusted-compensation certificates into cash. Congressmen are always eager to stand in with organized minorities like the veterans; always fearful that if they do not jump at the command of a powerful minority they will be badly knifed on election day. Hence Congress, which scorns all proposals for a billion-dollar bond issue for the relief of unemployment, cheerfully entertains proposals for a two or three billion dollar bond issue for the veterans alone.

Congressmen know all the arguments against cashing the adjusted-compensation certificates, provided in 1925. Most of them know that the average veteran is better off than the average citizen, since he is accorded special favors in many states and can borrow on his insurance certificate. They know that the cashing of these certificates would be against the best interests of the veterans themselves. They know that, if the certificates are cashed and the money spent, the door will be opened to a system of pensions for all veterans, with the taxpayer obliged to shoulder a staggering financial burden. They know that an orgy of spending by veterans would, indeed, revive business temporarily, but that business would soon slump again, to lower levels than ever. They know that there is no more reason for veterans to cash their government insurance and spend the proceeds than for ordinary citizens to cash their private insurance and spend the proceeds.

The average Congressman is not stupid. He has read Secretary Mellon's recent statements before committees of the House and Senate. Secretary Mellon testified that if any of the bills providing for the payment to veterans of nearly three and a half billion dollars—to be raised through a bond issue of that size—is passed it will disorganize the market for government and other securities, depreciate the price of all United States bonds, discourage the financing through the bond market of public works by states and cities and of construction activities by public utilities, increase taxes, retard the lasting recovery of business and prolong the miseries of general unemployment. As a whole, Secretary Mellon's statement was sound, and the average Congressman knows it. Nevertheless, while the veterans crack the whip, he can seriously consider bills to pass out one or two or three billion dollars to veterans and trust that something will turn up to save the country from the consequences of his acts.

The danger that Congress will spend some such sum for the veterans is not imaginary but real. Some such sum is quite likely to be spent unless the public

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protest is prompt and overwhelming, as we trust it will be. Fortunately, in the phrase of Speaker Longworth, "there are more taxpayers than soldiers." That is a sobering reflection to Congressmen. That, and only that, may yet prevent the veterans from completing the most grandiose grab they have ever thought of.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND almost every naval, marine and army officer except the bureaucratic bell boys to be indignant at the excessively harsh treatment, as they view it, which President Hoover, Secretary Adams and Secretary Stimson are meting out to Major General Smedley Butler for his alleged slur against Benito Mussolini. Few of them have any personal sympathy for the famous "devil dog," since most of them look upon him as a bit of a braggart and a limelight lover. Few of them, being pretty human fellows and jolly good convivialists, approved his prohibition police work at Philadelphia, and still fewer indorsed his turning in of the officer who served him cocktails at a private party.

General Butler, in short, is none too popular with fellow-officers or with the rank and file. Nor is this feeling due entirely to the Quakerite's habit of stealing the limelight every so often; some of it is traceable to soreness at his conceded ability and advancement.

This personal prejudice against the man, however, gives added significance to the almost unanimous resentment felt toward the punishment which the Administration is preparing for him. Incidentally, nobody here labors under any doubt as to the outcome of the trial —any more than they did when "Billy" Mitchell was hauled before his peers for exposing the delinquencies of our aerial defenses. In the opinion of official and unofficial Washington, the doughty marine is as good as convicted, and the only doubt centers about the stiffness of the sentence to be passed on him.

We note that the White House, as is its wont, denies it has taken a hand in the affair. That, however, is one of those official denials which is the prerogative of a President, for it is inconceivable that the Chief Executive would permit a couple of underlings to initiate and execute such major moves as an apology to a foreign government and the courtmartialling of so brilliant and beribboned a hero as Smedley Butler. It just isn't done, especially by such a yes-sir yeomanry as that with which Mr. Hoover has surrounded himself.

What the admiralty sees in the determination to make an example of General Butler is a belated but bitter effort to cow those among them who dared to tell the truth about the London peace pact before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Half a dozen admirals, as we recall, bluntly declared that the pact was discriminatory against the United States in that it required us to build

Enright in New York Evening World

To the woodshed!

ships totally unsuited to our naval needs. As if that were not sufficient heresy, they also advertised that the agreement, though hailed by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson as a great disarmament advance, would result in larger armadas than sailed the seas before the signatory nations assembled at St. James Palace.

Both the President and the Secretary of State, we happen to know, were barely able to restrain themselves at this puncturing of their fine pact and preliminary promises. They would have, if they dared, muzzled the talkative sea dogs by any means possible. But such a step was obviously out of the question in view of the fact that the officers had been summoned to give testimony by a Senate body. It would have been too much of a giveaway to single out for punishment those gold-braiders who told what they conceived to be the truth. But at conferences with the press Mr. Stimson expressed himself quite forcibly anent the admirals' conduct, and in one instance he virtually accused them of disloyalty. Mr. Adams, though cool to the pact himself, regarded his subordinates' frankness as a reflection upon himself and his disciplinary system. All three—Messrs. Hoover, Stimson and Adams—are the sort of men to resent little things like this, and, so the Navy now thinks, they have been waiting for a chance to retaliate.

In General Butler's admittedly indiscreet comment they got it, and they are making the most of it. Through him the Administration means to impress upon our admirals and generals that, after all, they must take orders and not give them, speak only when spoken to, and keep the peace when breaking it will prove prejudicial to affairs of state and politics.

Nevertheless, we find general agreement that the apology should have been made, even though previous Administrations have been content to overlook numerous slurs and slights against the United States perpetrated by Il Duce and his hot-headed diplomats in this country. There are, we understand, practical reasons for keeping on good terms with Mister Mussolini, as Mr. Stimson, our democratic keeper of the nation's honor, referred to him. Unless the Italian dictator gets together with France for a settlement of their naval stalemate, the London pact may become a more disillusioning document than the admirals said it was.

Capitol Hill Machiavellians, we are told, have an explanation for the Administration's attitude toward General Butler. Recalling reports that the General may oppose "Kingfish" James J. Davis for the Republican senatorial nomination next year, the latter's colleagues wonder whether Mr. Hoover, by making a martyr of the soldier, does not seek to strengthen him for this contest. To our mind, however, this is an instance in which the thought is father to the wish.

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oil Hells in Oklahoma

By EARL SPARLING

OIL made Oklahoma. In that land of blackjacks and gyp hills it created spontaneously a wealth which in older commonwealths had been achieved only by two centuries of slow increment. In several short decades oil turned an arid, hardbitten region, fit once only to be given to Indians, into a new Utopian outpost of the South, a fabulously rich frontier. It built schools and supported them, swelled the state treasury, produced so many men of wealth they had to be counted to the acre. It changed tent towns overnight into paved cities and embellished foothill and prairie with manor houses and princely estates.

But there was paradox in all of this. Oil was not an industry. It was a gamble. Though it built cities, erected refineries and created capitalists, it kept America's last frontier alive by necessity. Its heroes were not men in silk hats and tailored clothes, but men in khaki and boots. Come boisterously to a region of unfenced cattlemen, the last of their kind, to a region that held a third of all the Indians left in America, to a land where bandits could attain more renown than bankers, these industrialists in boots defied the mansions and the steel towers of trade arising around them. They promised of necessity to save that frontier gusto which is the inner spirit of America.

Today the paradox is painfully plain. One of the greatest oil fields in history is threatening to engulf a large part of Oklahoma City, the capital and metropolis of the state.

Oil was discovered unexpectedly five miles south of Oklahoma City some two years ago. Today that field has marched up to the sidewalks of the city and no one knows where it will stop.

There are already more than seventy wells drilling inside the city limits and half a dozen dangerous gushers have blown in virtually in the shadow of the capital's skyscrapers. In August, 1930, a wild gusher, blowing fifty million cubic feet of inflammable natural gas a day, got out of control a mile and a half from the heart of the city, and housewives nearby had to leave Sunday dinners on their stoves and flee through streets of oil. A month later a 65,000 barrel oil gusher blew in one morning in a school yard on the southeastern edge of town, the greatest high gravity sweet oil producer the world had known.

And this was only a faint warning of what was to come. In the middle of the night, October 30, 1930, there was a roar just a mile from the principal business corner of the city, and panic took the people. Through darkened streets at three in the morning raced city firemen to warn all the residents within a six-square-mile area that one spark of fire might mean their lives.

Dawn came strangely in Oklahoma City that day. A white pall of oil-soaked gas floated over the southern part of the capital. Inflammable gas blew in a sickening wind toward the proud prairie skyscrapers, and oil ran in rivers down streets on the edge of town and oil rained heavily and blackly from the sky.

One-eighth of the city went under martial law. All firemen were summoned to sleepless duty and 200 state militia men were thrown around the danger zone. Six schools in the southern part of the city were closed. Trains entering from the south were stopped out in the farm lands. The danger zone reached seven blocks north of Main Street toward the proudest part of the metropolis.

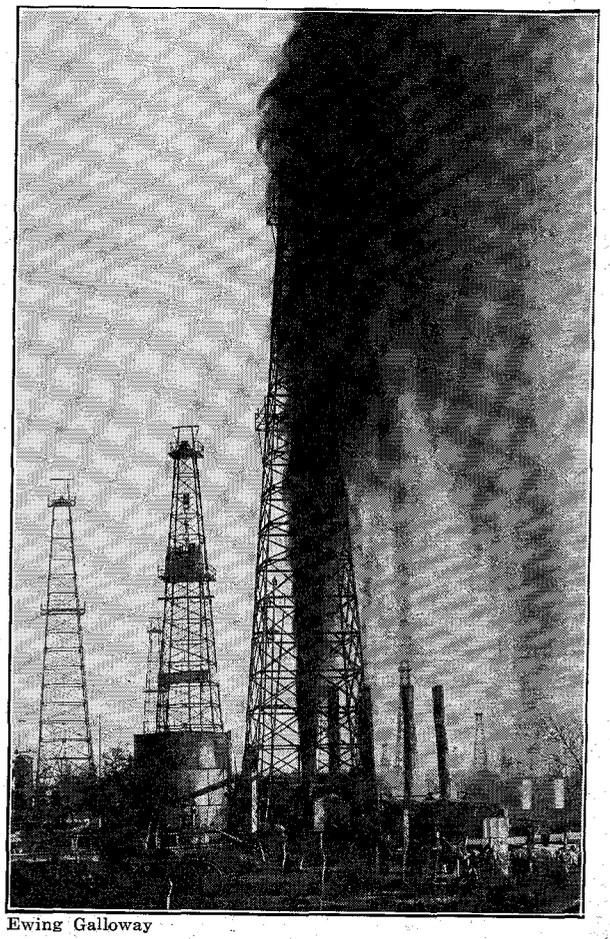
For sixty-six hours Oklahoma City fought that well. It was the wildest oil well veteran field men had ever seen. It threw from 60,000 to 100,000 barrels of crude oil over the city every twenty-four hours and some 100,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas. A thousand men fought it day and night, wearing rubber coats and using copper headed hammers, for steel against steel might cause the fatal spark. For sixty-six hours, in chilly autumn weather, thousands of Oklahoma City people could neither cook in their homes, nor light fires for warmth, nor strike a match for a cigarette.

Automobiles parked on Main Street were sprayed with oil, and business men who ventured into the wholesale district went there in raincoats. Windows in the skyscrapers had to be closed that stenographers might hear the dictation, and nearer the upheaval business men had to talk in a shout.

Before that well was tamed 168 acres of land—fortunately vacant—blazed toward the sky, and the North Canadian, meandering through the southern part of town, had become a burning river. How the fire started no one knew. It reached to within a few yards of that shrieking well before the army of fighters managed to beat it back.

The fire rolled on down the river to burn bridges and threaten other towns. But Oklahoma City, in a typically southwestern way, nicknamed the well Stout Fella—because it had been drilled by C. E. Stout—and started calculating the damage.

The sixty-six hours that Stout No. 1 blew wild had been the most critical in the city's entire forty-one years. The reminder stretched



Ewing Galloway

A BAD NEIGHBOR
A gushing oil well near Oklahoma City

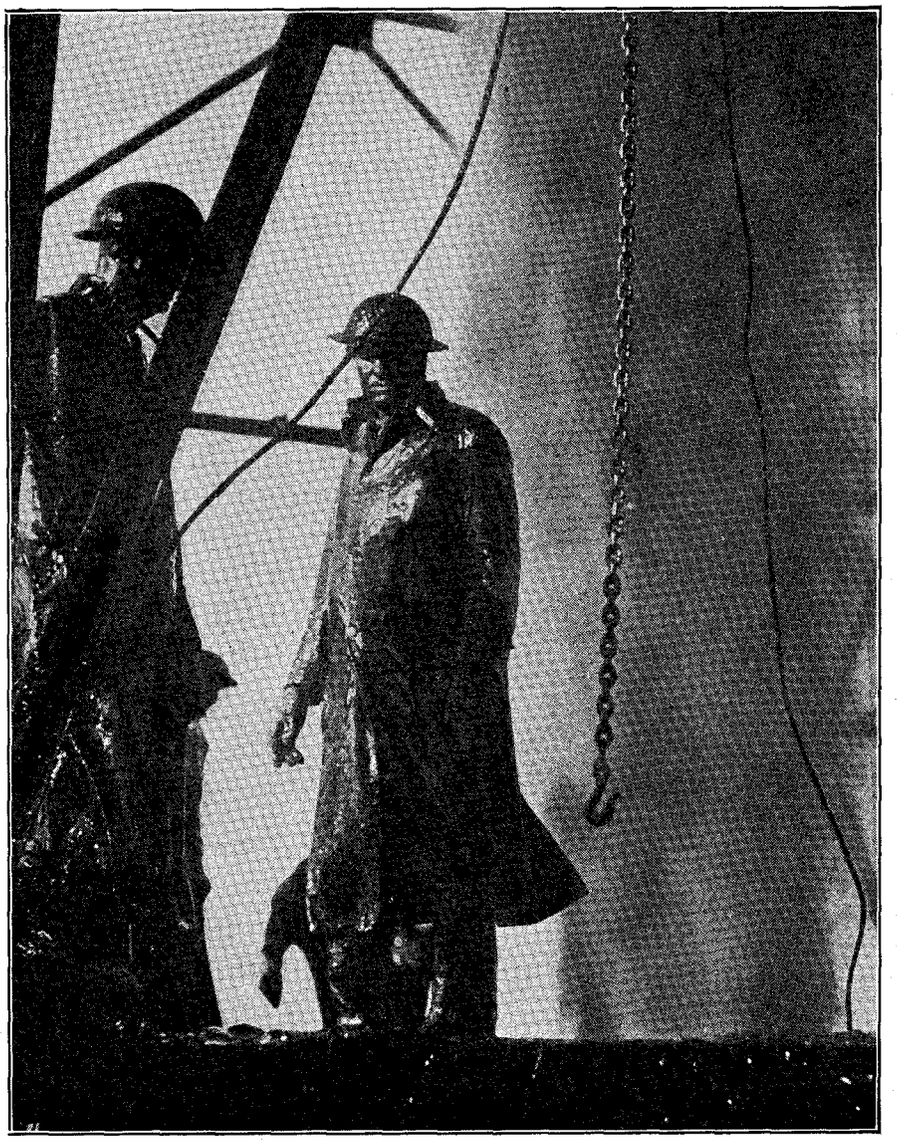
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

north and westward for fifteen miles. More than 10,000 homes had been damaged by that rain of oil. The new State Capitol, the pride of young Oklahoma, was flecked with amber dots three miles to the northward. Fine homes near the marble State House, some of them costing upwards of $50,000, were smeared with oil, and lawns and gardens glistened under a patent leather coating. Many months would go by before flowers and grass would grow there normally again.

Great oil fields have been discovered before, and in producing wealth they have produced havoc, obliterating countrysides, digging up graveyards, even demolishing villages. But now for the first time the roar of an oil field threatens the roar of an important city, a metropolis of 180,000 persons.

Millions of dollars of realty values are endangered and thousands of citizens, including millionaires, face the possibility of having to desert permanently the homes they built for a lifetime. Some insurance companies have threatened to cease writing policies and others have threatened to raise their rates prohibitively.

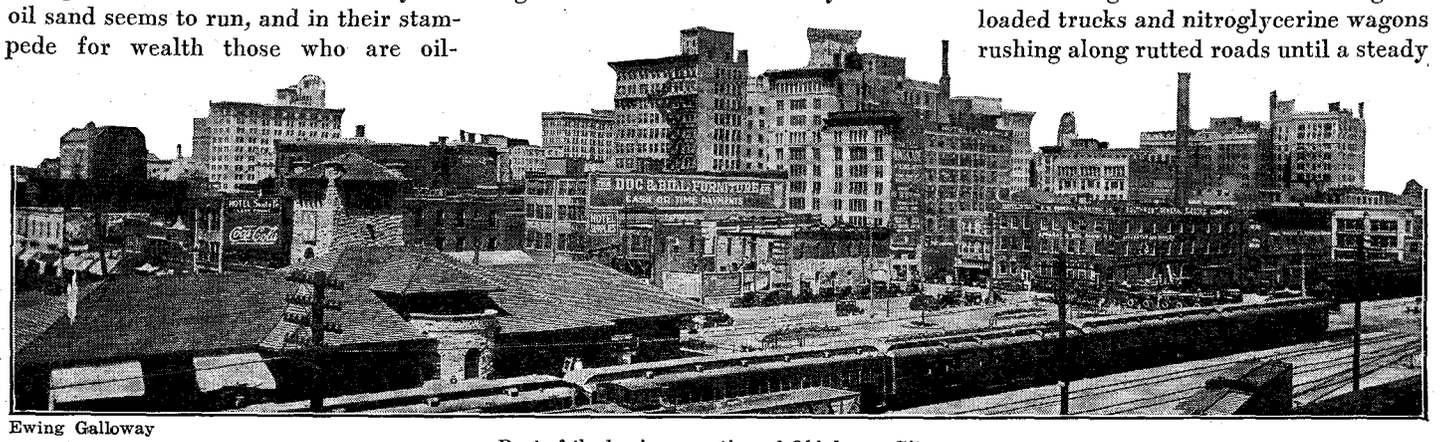
Right under the heart of the city the oil sand seems to run, and in their stampede for wealth those who are oil-minded are in no mood to let a few homes, banks and schools stop them. Derricks are pitched in school yards on the edge of town. Derricks have marched through the city dump and the wholesale district and reach for Main Street itself. From the windows of office buildings the oil field seems already a fundamental part of the municipal structure. You can hear its rumble above the music of the band on the Skirvin Hotel roof, and far northward you hear the steady chug-chug as you try to sleep. It is like the clangor of a thousand switch engines in the back yard.



IN AN OKLAHOMA OIL HELL
Stopping a wild well is a dirty and difficult job

The lights of Main Street in Oklahoma City are as bright as in any city its size in America, but not so bright as the derrick lights that stretch for miles below town. Even New York's Broadway would seem dim against those miles of derrick lamps reaching under a southwestern sky.

That oil field is a booming, bellowing Coney Island, ten miles long and five miles wide. Imagine one tall derrick after another tilting up into the dark sky, each strung with electric lamps from top to bottom, prairie Eifel Towers illuminated as for some great celebration. Imagine this thing reaching mile after mile, with gas flambeaux throwing their flame twenty feet toward the sky, with boiler fires blazing spasmodically against the night, with great pits a city block square, reservoirs for a hundred pipes, burning up surplus natural gas like so many infernal cauldrons. Imagine automobiles and great loaded trucks and nitroglycerine wagons rushing along rutted roads until a steady



Ewing Galloway

Part of the business section of Oklahoma City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cloud of dust mounts upward, smothering the illumination in a choking vapor. Add to this the indescribable shriek of some 50,000 barrel gusher running wild and throwing oil over twenty miles of countryside, or of some uncontrollable gas well blowing 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day, at such a terrifically high pressure that the outlet pipes are coated an inch deep in midsummer with ice and frost—and you will have some faint picture of this gargantuan thing that is encroaching upon Oklahoma City.

To make things worse, Oklahoma City people have no share, comparatively speaking, in this wealth geysering up in their back yard. Usually, when a new oil field comes in, those living nearest to it get in on the ground floor. Long before oil is actually discovered the locals have acquired the cream of the loose acreage. That didn't happen in Oklahoma City. By a strange circumstance, strange even for the oil country, Oklahoma City people, with a few exceptions, have little more direct participation in the great field below town than the people of Detroit or Chicago.

Oklahoma City people neglected to get in on the ground floor because they were convinced there was none. They had been hunting for a ground floor, with deplorable results, for the better part of thirty years.

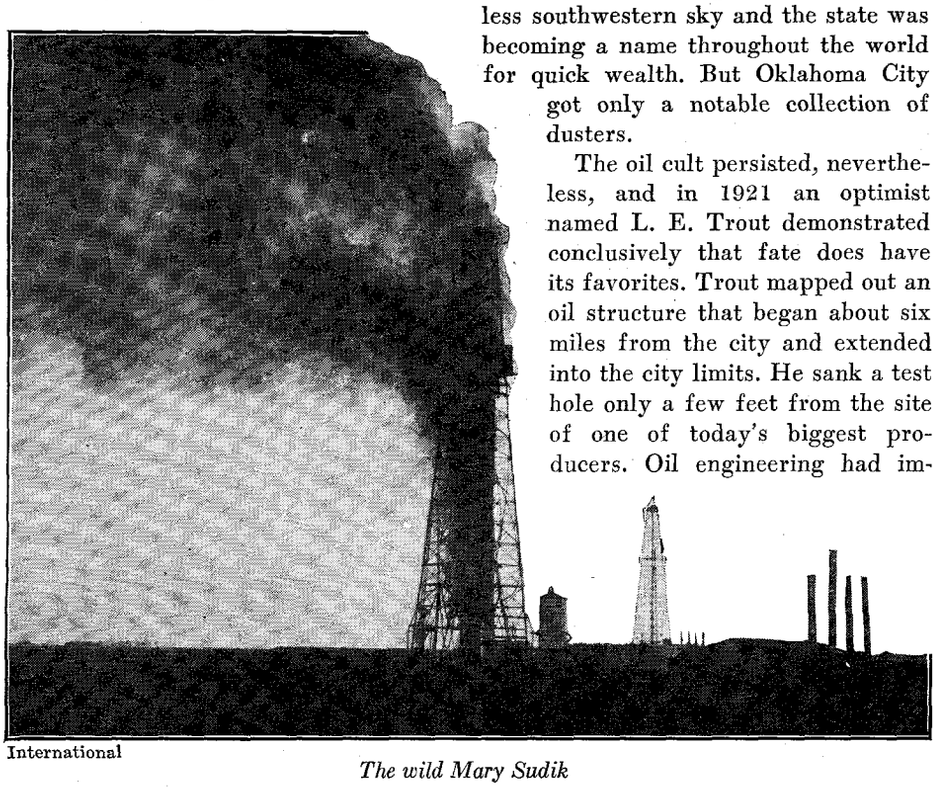
Almost the first thing the pioneers did after they had roped their horses and pitched their tents in 1889 was to get oil-minded. Ten years later, with Main Street still a mud puddle, one of the chief discussions in saloon row on embryonic Broadway was whether the town had been built right on top of an oil sand.

The pioneers, wearing shoes instead of boots by now, and doing business in handsome two-story structures of red limestone, decided in 1903 to put their suspicions to test. At Fourth Street and the Santa Fe railroad tracks, now the heart of the Capital, they sank an oil well to the amazing depth of 400 feet. Four hundred feet was considered quite on the way to China in those days, but all the pioneers got out of it was a tolerably good water well. The moustached founding fathers were not dissuaded. An esoteric faith, founded on who knows what, chiefly perhaps on the predictions of itinerant government geologists, persisted that some day the little town would wallow in oil.

Every few years a new test was made somewhere within what now constitutes the city limits or close nearby. The drills were gotten down to 1,500 feet or better, but every well came dry. Before 2800 B.C. the Chinese were sinking water wells 1,500 feet deep, but only a few years ago American engineers considered 1,500 feet a maximum depth with their modern drilling tools.

So, the oil pioneers in Oklahoma county suffered. All around in Oklahoma oil was shooting toward the cloudless southwestern sky and the state was becoming a name throughout the world for quick wealth. But Oklahoma City got only a notable collection of dusters.

The oil cult persisted, nevertheless, and in 1921 an optimist named L. E. Trout demonstrated conclusively that fate does have its favorites. Trout mapped out an oil structure that began about six miles from the city and extended into the city limits. He sank a test hole only a few feet from the site of one of today's biggest producers. Oil engineering had improved considerably by then. The drill bit deeper. At 3,354 feet there was an unexpected showing of gas and oil. The city echoed. W. R. Ramsey and W. E. Ramsey, spectacularly successful oil operators, rushed out to accumulate 50,000 acres of suburban leases. But when the well had been pushed down to 4,480 feet, virtually the depth limit at that time, the hole was estimated to be good for only five barrels a day, from a commercial standpoint no oil at all.



International

The wild Mary Sudik

The Ramseys and the others gave up their leases. That had happened time after time. Accumulating acreage and relinquishing it had been a municipal pastime for two decades. The 1921 fiasco was the final straw. Thereafter Oklahoma City decided with a great unanimity to invest its extra cash in farm mortgages and good corn whisky. The city's business men stopped looking enviously at Tulsa, the oil capital of the state. Oklahoma City was ready to let the oil go and be a business town. It paid more attention thereafter to its stockyards and bank clearings. So certain was every one now that oil was not for Oklahoma City that no one even worried when one of the great geological minds at the State University declared with full weight of his authority that oil would never be found in paying quantities anywhere in Oklahoma County.

If any doubt lingered it was removed in 1926. Old Joe Cromwell, who after a lifetime of wildcatting had discovered the famous Cromwell field in Seminole county a few years before, sank a well north of the city to 4,380 feet and got thirty-five barrels a day. That was hardly enough oil for the newspapers to headline, but it led the antique wildcatter on. Fresh from taking millions of dollars out of his Seminole field, Cromwell was feeling very sure of his judgment indeed. He took Wirt Franklin, another veteran, into partnership and they sank a second hole to 7,180 feet north of town. That was deeper than man had ever penetrated. Only modern steel made it possible. They got a real oil sand, 200 feet of it, but it was as dry as an Oklahoma Congressman's vote.

So, when the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company began quietly accumulating acreage south of the city it found little competition. The average local expert wagged his head and wiggled his thumb, the municipal welcome to all oil suckers.

The I. T. I. O., one of the oldest drilling outfits in the Southwest, dating back

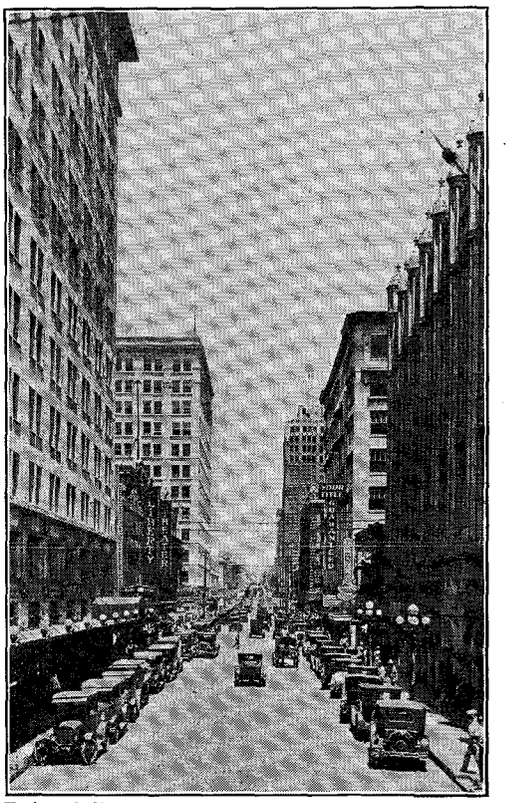
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to territorial days, found itself in the pleasant predicament of having leases thrown at it. It got the land on which it was to drill its discovery well for $200 an acre. It got other leases for less. When it moved its rigs in and started drilling, Oklahoma City was so little interested the event passed nearly unnoticed. It is doubtful if the average citizen even realized another test was under way. Almost none of the citizenry flocked down to invest. Few went down even to look. The only competition the I. T. I. O. got was from major operating companies. The major companies make it a practice, on a probability basis, to get acreage in any unproved territory in which one of them becomes noticeably active.

MONTH after month the drill ate deeper southeast of the city, a 200-ton steel bit and stem pounding itself with monotonous energy into the shaking earth, the hole narrowing as it went, from twenty inches gradually to twelve inches, and then to ten and to eight inches. Working in the middle of a potato patch, the handful of men were as lonely a crew of adventurers as ever discovered a North Pole or pushed into a Brazilian jungle. So unnoticed were they by Oklahoma City they might have been working a thousand miles off. Even the farmers in the vicinity, who would really profit in royalties if oil came, were incredulous, little interested. They banked the few hundred dollars they had gotten for leases against a bad crop season, really never expecting, any of them, to receive more.

Spring turned to summer. The sun rose purple over the horizon morning after morning, blazed down cruelly, and the half dozen men worked on. At night, thankfully cooler, the lights on their lone derrick twinkled desolately under a thousand miles of stars. They worked on, under the moon, under the sun, twenty-four hours every day. No one intruded. By night and by day the city sleeping on the other side of the tortuous North Canadian went about its routine duties, oblivious. There seemed good reason for the townsmen to keep away. The drill hit 4,000 feet, 5,000 feet, 6,000 feet—and little sign of oil. Winter came, and it looked like a bad winter for the handful of men south of town. Frost coated the potato patch. Frost grew on the yardarms of the derrick. The boiler fires burning in a ramshackle shed were more warming than the dwindling hope of getting a fortune out of this hard, unyielding ground.

Then, on December 4, 1928, after seven months of drilling, the well blew in. It blew in with a roar that figuratively drowned out every other sound in Oklahoma City, that shook the state, that was heard all the way to Wall Street and farther. It rained oil in Oklahoma County that day for the first time. For another six or seven months that was the only producing hole in the ground. It was an unbelievable well, producing an average of 5,000 barrels a day. But it was insignificant compared with what was to follow.



Ewing Galloway

A business street in Oklahoma City

On the first day of August, 1930, less than two years later, there were 368 producing wells in the field, with 399 others drilling. At about $125,000 a well the drilling investment totals more than $100,000,000, to which can be added some $60,000,000 in pipelines, gasoline plants and auxiliary equipment. From two to five wells have been brought in every day for the past half year, and some of them have come in so wild that oil engineers have had to invent entirely new methods of control. Under this deepest-drilled oil field in history there is from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of rock pressure, the greatest pressure ever encountered. Pressure in other fields in the Mid-Continent region ranges from 800 to 1,800 pounds. This stupendous pressure, imprisoned under rock for millions of years, blows loose cataclysmically. It blasts sand up from more than a mile below the earth's surface with such force that heavy steel gates and connections are sheared like so much paper.

The Sinclair No. 1 Kinter gas well blew in in July, 1929, the first uncontrollable well of the field. For two weeks, while engineers fought it with all the weapons of modern science, that well blew, as one tool-dresser put it, "like an exhaust pipe connected with hell." It shot millions of cubic feet of inflammable natural gas into the sky only Blake's tiger-god knows how high. The shriek of the thing was benumbing. One didn't experience it in any describable way of the senses. One only felt it, a vibration of the world, a torture of the body. And there were men fighting that geological upheaval only an arm's length away.

So unbelievably did gas, pent up for eons, shriek out of that well that the head of the casing pipe became a combination natural refrigerator and natural gasoline reducing plant. From the well head, covered an inch deep with the ice caused by expanding pressure, an average of 3,000 barrels of nearly pure gasoline were collected daily. After two weeks of constant fire hazard, the engineers finally got control. They were less lucky later. Two subsequent gas wells, fortunately not quite so wild, were fired by friction of sand and pebbles against the casing pipe, and the flames could be seen forty miles away.

Then, one April morning in 1930, on Vinc and Mary Sudik's little farm south of the city, the so-called Mary Sudik No. 1 came in. The name of Mary Sudik will live long where oil men gather, though little enough she has to do with the story. A Bohemian peasant woman out of Willa Cather's Nebraska, she and her husband had lived in a tent when they first settled south of town in 1906. Later they had acquired a real house, but one which leaked so badly when it rained that Mary had to raise an umbrella over her baby's pallet. Gradually they had prospered, accumulating more land, six children and a roof that did not leak. Now they collect some $1,500 a day in oil royalties.

(Please Turn to Page 236)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Farmers' Friend

A Portrait of Alex Legge

By RAY T. TUCKER

THE saga of "Alex Legge," as he signs himself, and the Federal Farm Board gives ground for the conclusion that President Hoover must be both a practical and philosophic joker, since any other deduction drawn from the contrast between the former's practices and the latter's preachments would constitute a strange indictment of both men. Ever an opponent of political panaceas advanced for the farmer on Capitol Hill, which he once denounced as "economically unsound" and "state socialism," the President summarized his attitude toward farm legislation in his message to the special session that convened in April, 1929.

"No government agency," wrote Mr. Hoover, "should engage in the buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses lead only to bureaucracy and domination."

It may be that Mr. Hoover did not comprehend all the implications of the agricultural marketing act which the Congress proceeded to enact at his behest. This is no fantastic suggestion, inasmuch as Mr. Legge, although a keener student of farm problems than the Chief Executive, has admitted before a Senate committee that twenty readings of the bill have not enlightened him as to its meaning or mandate. The central fact, however, is that Mr. Hoover selected this bulky, lanky, sandy and bold Scot as the czar of America's agricultural empire, and entrusted to him, in addition to all the authority of the federal government, the amazing sum of $500,000,000 for administration of an unknown act.

Thus was inaugurated, amid a great deal of fun and fuming, an economic experiment which rivals in importance any that this nation has undertaken. Should Mr. Legge succeed along the lines which he has envisaged, it will mean that almost eighty per cent of the marketing and distributing facilities for agricultural products will be transferred from established agencies to the farmers themselves through control of cooperatives engaged in regulating production, storage, transportation, selling and distribution.

It may be, as many predict, that Mr. Hoover does not intend the experiment shall be carried to such an extreme. Indeed, Mr. Legge himself seems to hold such fears, for again and again he hints that "I may be kicked out and probably will." Perhaps Mr. Legge cannot achieve any real and radical success in the face of the combined and vicious opposition of bankers, grain exchanges, boards of trade, live stock associations, organized millers and all their auxiliaries. Already his enemies have howled against him in the upstairs study of the White House, where Julius Barnes, the world's largest exporter of grain and close friend of the President, is said to have protested against what he regards as the board's encroachments upon legitimate business. Likewise, conservative financial interests and their political allies have lodged complaints against the board's "bolshevik and paternalistic" policy of pegging the price of wheat and making actual purchases of this basic and precious commodity.

So far, however, Mr. Legge has retorted with characteristic abruptness to these hostile moves. "Well, what of it?" has been his invariable answer to rumors that he was antagonizing individuals and interests who feel—and with some justice—that they have a claim upon the Administration. Nevertheless, what Mr. Hoover thinks of Mr. Legge's almost revolutionary program is a question that has puzzled the capital since the latest chapter of agricultural history was written. More important still, how far this provocative philosopher of the soil will be permitted to press his program for destroying the middle-man structure is of vast importance to producers and consumers alike. He may be, as some think, simply seeking to furnish temporary relief to farmers suffering from surpluses born of their patriotism during the War, or he may be inaugurating a new economic age that will bring the farm and the urban pantry closer together. There are moments when he appears as a sturdy sans-culotte destined to roll golden heads in the dust, but there are others when the harassed chairman, his impassive, weather-beaten countenance and bent shoulders reflecting the burdens he carries, seems uncertain concerning his own course. Regardless of the outcome of the conflict, no man in Washington or in all public life has, for the moment, presented such a challenge to the existing order, or to those who, like Mr. Legge himself, specialize in the study of human relations.

It is characteristic of the man, however, that, despite the possible significance of his program, the capital is much more interested in him as a stimulating individual than in his job. Even those who bitterly oppose and condemn his theories find themselves admiring his personality and praising his imperviousness to the threats and thunderings of his exalted foes. Without a doubt, he is, with possibly two exceptions—Dwight W. Morrow and Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts—the most colorful, exceptional and commanding figure to come to Washington since the War. It was, for instance, a measure of the man to discover that he would willingly sacrifice his post as president of the International Harvester Company to accept what he himself has called a "thankless job." It was even more refreshing to hear him inform a cynical committee investigating his fitness that he had not approached the Executive Offices with his hat in his hand, requesting an appointment. This man, from the start, has done things differently, and therefore he aroused Senatorial suspicion.

To the committee he said in a tone that was neither condescending nor consciously antagonistic:

"In the first place, gentlemen, I am not a seeker for this job. I am not even a volunteer. I am simply a drafted man. You can't hurt my feelings by sending me back home."

To a friend commissioned by the Senators to obtain some personal information he replied:

"Just tell 'em that I started out in life with the James boys and worked east until I got in with Al Capone and his Cicero gang."

The Senate showed its good sense by confirming him without objection, but there are many groups which, as he continues to upset their calculations and crops, are inclined to regard his reference to the "James boys" and "Al Capone" as something more than a figure of speech.

This first favorable impression of him was strengthened by his subsequent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treatment of haughty dowagers who sought to learn where he thought he should rank in the social scheme.

Inasmuch as he arrived at the capital when its households were torn by the Gann-Longworth feud, one hostess decided to take no chances, and appealed directly to him. She got little satisfaction, however, for he sent back word that "I will eat in the kitchen, if that will help." When invitations to this strange and self-effacing fellow grew too numerous, he dismissed them all with the unsocial announcement that "I cannot accept because I have to work nights." This message, as he anticipated, solved his and their social worries.

He even carried this unconventional attitude to the White House, much to the delight and amusement of President Hoover. Though the latter toils long hours at his desk and goes to bed early, it is doubtful if he rivals his farming friend in either respect, and Legge's eyes began to blink in the midst of the first reception which the President gave to members of the Board. To blink—or to think—with him is to act, and, stretching his arms, he suggested to an associate that they pull out.

"But you can't do that," he was informed. "It isn't etiquette. You must wait until the President says, 'Good night.'"

"Humph," grunted Legge, and straightway he approached the host.

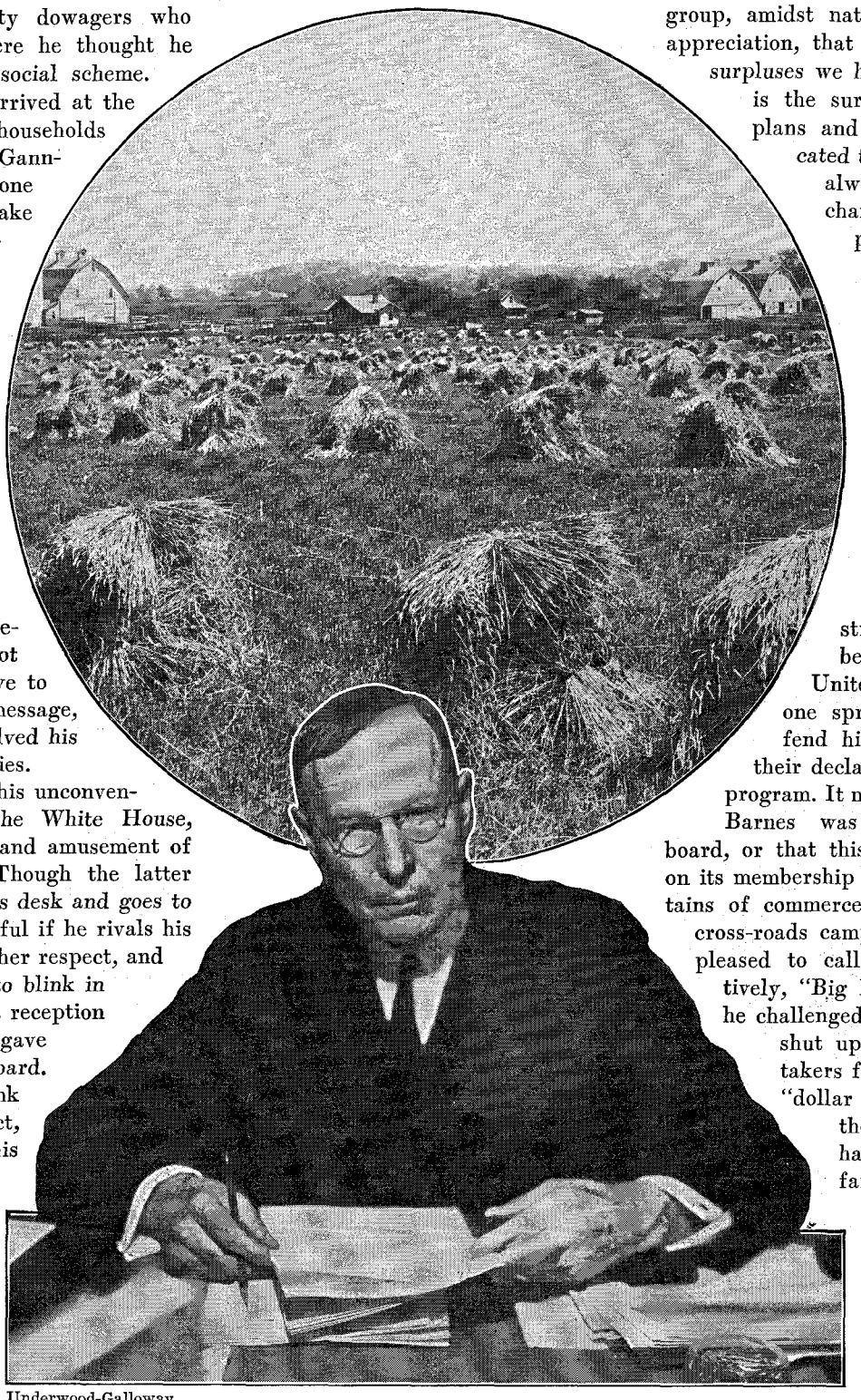
"Mister President," he began. "I'm tired and sleepy. Don't you think you ought to go to bed and get a little rest?"

Mr. Hoover soon took the hint, and was undoubtedly grateful for it.

In his contacts with the press and politicians and "Big Business," Legge exhibits the same frankness, fearlessness and allied characteristics. If anything, his plain-spokenness, though refreshing in the midst of reticence, misrepresentation and downright hypocrisy, may sometimes be both a fault and a failure. When the editors of a Kansas newspaper ridiculed his original plea for reduction of acreage, and made the mistake of leaping into the headlines, he placed them in an even more ridiculous plight with his reply of "Give them my compliments and tell them to go to hell." When certain professional farm spokesmen took issue with him, he told a rival group, amidst nationwide chuckles of appreciation, that "one of the biggest surpluses we have to contend with is the surplus of farm relief plans and farm leaders dedicated to leading them." He always alludes to exchange traders as "the pink slip boys" because dealings in futures are recorded on pink slips, and he does not hesitate to characterize as "gamblers" certain agencies which he holds to be non-essential and parasitic.

To the house of his greatest enemies—the imposing structure of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States—he strode one spring morning to defend himself and denounce their declaration of war on his program. It mattered not that Mr. Barnes was chairman of the board, or that this organization listed on its membership rolls gilt-edged captains of commerce as well as all the cross-roads camp followers who are pleased to call themselves, collectively, "Big Business." In effect, he challenged them "to put up or shut up," but he found no takers for his offer to match "dollar for dollar" any fund they might raise on behalf of the American farmer. In lieu thereof, he got only more resolutions which urged farm relief but assailed his practical program. Whereupon, he compared the Chamber's conduct to the mother's advice to a daughter who had begged that she be permitted to go swimming: "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, my daughter, but don't go near the water."

This homely response, so typical of Legge, set both farmers and "city fellers" to roaring at the discomfiture of "the Chamber," and it endeared the chairman to agriculturists who had hitherto been suspicious of his own good intentions. Many a time has Legge



Underwood-Galloway

The Atlas of American farming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beaten off strongly intrenched critics with a phrase that was all the more devastating because it had its origin, like himself, right behind the red-painted barn. In action and appearance as well as in habit of thought and speech he is bumptiously bucolic, and, on occasions, quite profane. His profanity, however, is that of a universal Piers Plowman in that it is washable and usually printable.

A friendly and congenial fellow, he is seen to best advantage in his conferences with the press, which likes him if only for his bluntness and the open-door policy that he has practised ever since he rose out of the ranks of the International Harvester Company. Lumbering in like a great giant, he drops his six-feet-three and 300 pounds of athletic avoirdupois into a chair, balancing himself by placing his feet on a desk high above his head. He is a massive figure, with a large, pear-shaped head, farm-boy hands, sloping brow and shoulders bent as if to brace himself rather than bow before the storm he has raised. Although he is Lincolnesque in his homeliness, kindliness shows in his narrow grey eyes—some one has likened their penetrating quality to an X-ray—his drooping mouth, his ruddy, clean-shaven face and his firm-set but almost feminine lips. A twinkle leaps into his keen eyes as he explains a complicated market policy to metropolitan reporters unacquainted with a flower garden, much less with vast acres of moving wheat. His stoicism is the wonder of those who have observed him in days crowded with drama, and, for him, with some tragedy. Though wheat may be tumbling to new lows, though he may be setting up overnight a $90,000,000-corporation, though he may be absorbing punishment even he never anticipated, his host of troubles seem not to disturb him. There is, perhaps, as much of the fatalism of the man with the hoe as the faith of the business man behind his imperturbability. It is not improbable that he gets some relaxation from these conferences with youthful and excitable correspondents, who come seeking no favors or uttering no threats.

"Mr. Chairman," one begins, "we understand the Progressives are talking of you for President."

"The hell you say!" he grins.

"Mr. Chairman, the grain dealers and the millers are protesting that you are going to put them out of business."

"Well"—and his square jaws clamp shut—"isn't that just too bad?"

Or there may be a reference to the fact that Mr. Barnes has seen the President and is again on the warpath.

"Well," counters Legge, "what of it?"

When representatives of conservative journals try to force an admission that the board's pegging and purchasing have failed, inasmuch as the market has continued to fall, he replies:

"Stocks haven't come back all the way, have they? Do you expect them to reach 1929 levels right away?"

One evening, when it appeared that the market would sink so low as to carry agriculture and countless associated activities to disaster, the correspondents insisted that he lay his cards on the table. The board, they pointed out, had already lost millions, and might lose many more. What could he—what would he—do now? It was then that, in calm and ordinary voice, he gave a fleeting glimpse of the scale and stage on which he operates.

"The Board," he said, "still has sufficient credit balance to buy every bushel of wheat on the American market. That would do it, wouldn't it?"

It is mere recognition of the facts to suggest that few men in Washington would make such a statement while walking the political tight-rope that Legge is treading. He knows, of course, that Barnes and the grain trade were among the first to sponsor Mr. Hoover's campaign for the presidential nomination, and that many of them put up their own money to finance the fight. He knows, too, that the conservative man in the White House must suffer some qualms at the thought that Legge's program, if carried to its logical extreme, will sound a death knell to the Chicago wheat pit, to the Minneapolis Board of Trade, to the Omaha stock yards, to the cotton brokers, tobacco merchants, the millers and numerous strata of middle men. He has read in such journals as *The New York Herald-Tribune* references to his departure from "sound concepts," and he has seen his demand for regulation of the exchanges pilloried in print from Boston to Brownsville.

What, then, does he think of it all? In the first place, as an erstwhile corporation president frequently described as "hard-boiled," he does not concede that it is socialistic or directed against legitimate business. He maintains that he strives to apply to agriculture the same principles of management which have enriched business and industry. Agriculture, he insists, cannot drag itself from the doldrums unless it restricts production to domestic demand, and exercises firm control over the system of marketing and distributing its products. Both ends, in his opinion, can be attained only by organization of individual and far-flung farmers into cooperatives that will enjoy the control and the cohesiveness of a board of directors of a single concern. Pending realization of that difficult program, he thinks it as proper for the government to extend funds and facilities to agriculture as it is for Uncle Sam to give a helping hand to industry through the tariff, to shipping through mail subsidies and construction loans, to banking through the Federal Reserve Act and to railroads through land grants and loans. Lastly, with an implied criticism of a complaining Congress and a silent President, he suggests that if his program be socialistic, the responsibility rests on the legislators who framed the agricultural marketing act and the President who signed it as a magna charta for the farmer.

Nevertheless, it throws some light on this warfare to learn that Legge has always been the natural enemy of those who oppose him now. As president of the farm machinery corporation, his interest was aligned with that of the farmer. Unless they were profitable, he could not sell them reapers, tractors and other implements. It was then, perhaps, that he first pored over the prospect that a large share of their labor was absorbed by the commission men and the traders on 'change. Though the International Harvester was frequently assailed as a "trust," it never failed to find friends among the farmers. Once, when it was sued in the Missouri courts, thousands of planters left their homes to appear and give testimony that they had long done business with it, and had found it helpful, honest and reasonable. In another year when there was a tremendous surplus of corn, Legge's company agreed to purchase the corn at a price well above the market figure as payment for past indebtedness and future obligations. It was, of course, excellent business for President Legge, but it saved many a farmer from immediate suffering and eventual ruin. Contrariwise, this transaction obviously worked to the detriment of the interests which had counted on taking advantage of the farmers' plight.

Subsequently, as vice-chairman of the War Industries Board, it was Legge

(Please Turn to Page 238)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Our Status in the Air

Does America Lead or Lag in Military Type Planes?

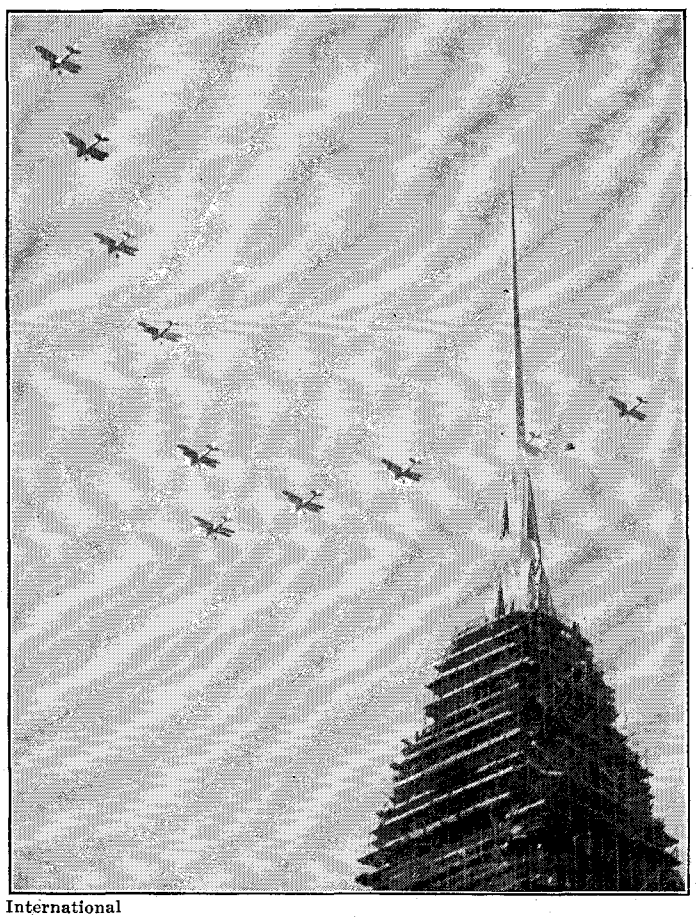
By C. B. ALLEN

EVERY now and then one reads a newspaper or magazine article purporting to show that the military flying forces of the United States are falling rather sadly behind those of Europe, both in number of planes and in the performance of corresponding types produced here and abroad. The degree of alarm with which the situation is viewed varies directly as the nature of the publication, the temperament of the author and the amount of information or misinformation with which he finds himself possessed.

It is by no means a new state of affairs. General William Mitchell vociferously and persistently devoted himself to the subject until the Army got rid of him and adopted its famous Five-Year Program for building up the Army Air Corps. Lieutenant Alford J. Williams more recently had so much to say along the same lines, following his resignation from the Navy, that a Senate committee thought it worth while to make an investigation. This seemingly revealed that matters, at least, were not in as bad shape as they were during the Mitchell furore and the result was something of a draw in the case of Williams vs. Navy.

The Five-Year Program was enacted by law in 1926, as a result of recommendations by the Morrow Aircraft Board, and is now nearing an end. Both the Army and the Navy take pride in progress made during this period when, for the first time since aviation was thrust upon them, they have been able to follow an orderly and consistent plan for its development and both are looking forward to the enactment of another Five- or even a Ten-Year Program. The Navy reports that it will have reached its authorized strength of 1,000 serviceable airplanes when the current Five-Year Program comes to an end on June 30, having saved more than $20,000,000 over the estimated cost of reaching this status, while the Army likewise expects to have on hand the 1,800 fighting planes prescribed for it.

So much for the numerical strength of our flying fleet and aerial army. It is below that of other nations: notably, France; probably also England and Italy—such figures being regarded more or less a military secret abroad. But it has been deemed sufficient by those in authority as long as the country's aircraft factories keep operating and have facilities for greatly increased production in the event of an emergency. Again and again the directors of our aerial destinies have stressed the need of superiority of design rather than mere superiority of numbers when it comes to reckoning strength in the air. Their theory is, that if war comes, a big force of obsolete machines represents not only a tremendous capital investment but would be relatively useless against a smaller force of more advanced planes.



International

Navy planes over the Chrysler Building, New York

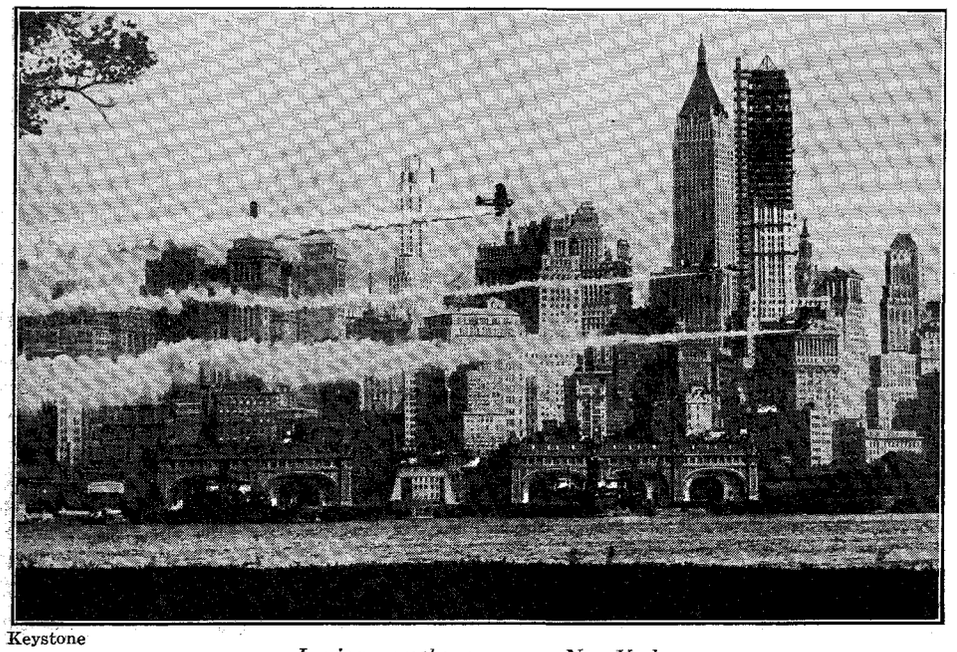
This sounds reasonable and reassuring. It becomes less soothing when one learns that the British have developed a new "interceptor" pursuit plane which makes more than 200 miles an hour—some authorities, reasonably reliable in the past, put the figure at 220 or better—while the fastest American pursuit plane now in regular service is rated by the Air Corps at a top speed of 192 miles an hour. Another disturbing discovery is that it was a slightly modified French military observation and reconnaissance plane which achieved the first non-stop flight from Europe to America last year and that our own short-range Army observation planes had the greatest difficulty maintaining its slowest cruising speed when they were assigned as an official escort for Coste and Bellonte. It is also probably a little disquieting to the designers of American naval aircraft that a whole squadron of standard Italian bombing and torpedo planes recently was able to negotiate a non-stop crossing of the South Atlantic.

Undeniably, recent air developments abroad have caused profound concern among the heads of our Army and Navy air forces, not through any jingoistic fear of foreign invasion but because they feel that America is dallying along the skyroad to progress and failing to keep either ahead or abreast of the rest of the world. It is no secret that manufacturers of military aircraft in the United States of late have been given a whole new set of specifications which they must meet, nor, that when they meet them, plane and motor performances in this country are scheduled for something of an upheaval.

In a sense the situation is comparable to the one that shook aeronautical England a few years ago when a new day-bombing plane, the Fairey Fox, flying at the then phenomenal speed of 170 miles an hour, broke through the aerial defenses of London in mimic warfare, dropped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its theoretical explosives and flew away unscathed for the reason that England's protective pursuit planes of that day were slower than the formidable Fairey fuel capacity and probably being wholly unsuited to the American conception of pursuit aviation, which contemplates shifting whole air units from one border



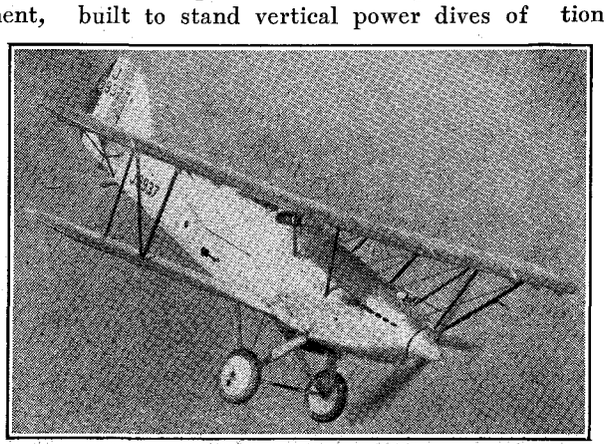
Keystone

Laying a smoke screen over New York

and therefore unable to engage it in battle. Out of this experience has come England's present-day pursuit planes—admittedly the fastest in the world—just as something constructive will come out of the aircraft inferiority complex now affecting American military aviation, provided this complex is treated with the proper intelligence.

Merely to say that another nation's latest pursuit planes are thirty to forty miles an hour faster than the best we have developed in this country, however, is a trifle misleading in that it does not tell the whole story. Each country's requirements in aircraft are almost as distinctive as its manners and customs; England particularly has a highly specialized problem in air defense because of her close proximity to the Continent, hence the development of "interceptor" fighters—machines designed to have tremendous speed and climb so that they can get up and give battle in time to save the great industrial centers of the British Isles with no further warning than that enemy bombers have been sighted approaching the coast. Thus the Fairey Firefly and the Hawker Fury, according to information gleaned from various British publications, will climb to 20,000 feet in eleven minutes. But they are short-duration machines, neither having nor needing great of the United States to another within a few hours in order that the fighting forces of the country may be mobilized where they are needed most.

Furthermore, American aircraft designers insist, higher safety factors are required in the military planes of this country than anywhere else in the world so that structural weights necessarily are increased and performance reduced. Some set the American safety factor at twelve or more, the European one at eight or less (this means the machine will withstand stresses either twelve or eight times those incurred in normal level flight); but one imagines the English and others might challenge the accuracy of these figures. It suffices that American pursuit and attack planes are built to stand vertical power dives of 5,000 to 10,000 feet, that these manoeuvres are part of the aerial tactics in which our flyers are trained, and that no one cares to put foreign ships to the same gruelling test of stamina. Just what would happen in actual combat between machines of these two classes is a moot point. Champions of the sturdy but slower American types say they could always dive to safety in case they found themselves being out-fought; that, if their faster but weaker opponents tried to follow them, they would strip off their wings, even as Nieuports did trying to dive on Fokkers and Fokkers did when they essayed to follow Spads "down on the carpet" from high altitudes in World War days.



Courtesy Aero Digest, New York

A MODERN BRITISH FIGHTER
Hawker "Hart" Plane

For the reasons outlined above and for many others involving the various phases and requirements of military aviation, it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw comparisons at once unqualified and comprehensive. But there is one particular in which it may be said that the United States very clearly has fallen behind Europe in the development of military aviation, and the reason therefor is fairly obvious. This is in the construction and use of high horse power motors. Italy, France, England, all have developed airplane motors of 1,000 horse power and more during the last few years, while the best that America has done, except experimentally or in isolated cases, is to reach the 600 horse power class. A study of this situation inevitably leads to the conclusion that the underlying cause of this backwardness is America's abandonment of racing—more especially her abandonment of the two great speed classics of aviation, the Pulitzer Trophy Race and the Schneider Cup Race.

It is six years now since the Army and Navy last built a plane for these events, and whatever decline their aviation has suffered occurred in that period. The Pulitzer Trophy Race was held at Mitchel Field, L.I., in the early fall of 1925, the Schneider Cup at Baltimore shortly afterward. Both were won by the same Army Curtiss racing plane, with the late Cy Bettis at the controls in the first instance and Jimmy Doolittle in the second. Doolittle's average speed for the difficult triangular course was 232 miles an hour, that of his nearest competitor, Hubert Broad of England, 199, and of the Italian entry, a Macchi flying boat piloted by Capt. De Briganti, only 168 miles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

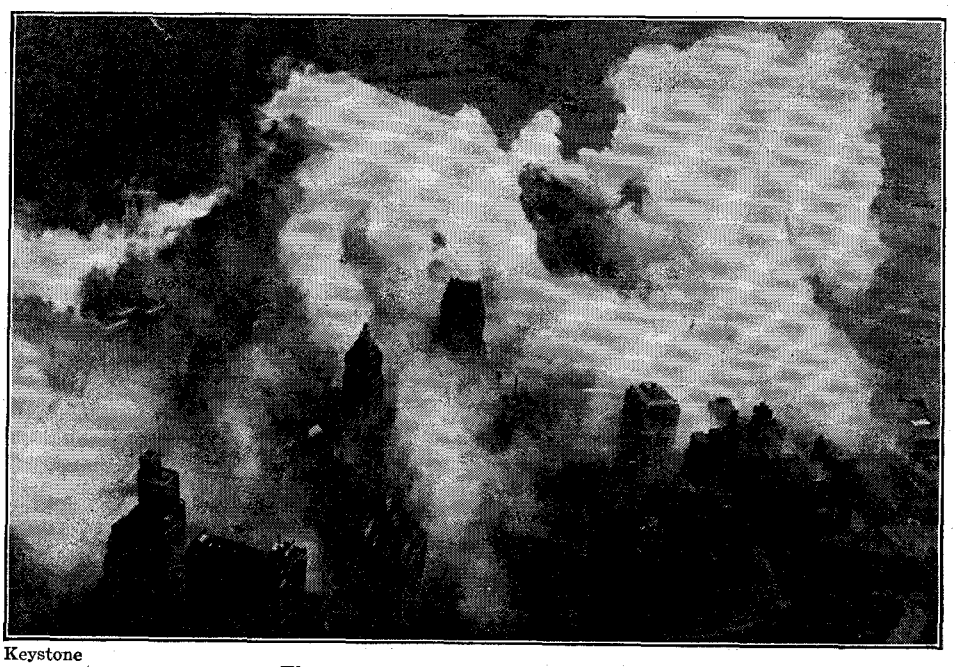
an hour. The figures are quoted because of what happened when the race was flown in 1926 at Norfolk. Before that time, however, it is significant that the fame of the Curtiss motor that won the Baltimore meet resulted in the purchase of a dozen similar power plants by the Fairey Company in England and of sample engines for study by both France and Italy.

When the racing planes of the latter country appeared for the next Schneider Cup Race in Hampton Roads it was apparent that Mussolini's engineers had thoroughly absorbed the American aerodynamics they had witnessed the year before in Baltimore. But it developed that they had improved on their Yankee model, for Major Mario de Bernardi's trim monoplane averaged 246 miles an hour, or fourteen more than Doolittle had been able to show in his matchlessly flown race of 1925. The United States having decided it could not afford to build new racers to compete with a nation whose entry had made but 168 miles an hour the preceding year, merely "improved" its 1925 Curtiss racers for the event, and was hopelessly outclassed, the one pilot who finished having an average speed of a mile an hour less than Doolittle's 1925 record.

In 1927 Great Britain re-entered the Schneider lists and surprised the aeronautical world by wresting the trophy from Italy at a speed of 281 miles an hour. Both countries had made tremendous advances in airplane design and motor development—lessons to be embodied later in their standard military planes—while the United States, save for the privately financed and abortive efforts of Lieutenant Al Williams to get an American entry into the Schneider Cup Race, was contenting herself with developing squadrons of pursuit and attack planes around four-year-old experience gained in the now abandoned field of racing. In 1929 (it having been decided to hold the Schneider Cup Race only on alternate years) England set a precedent by refusing to rest on her laurels, and again won the event at the hitherto unheard-of speed of 328 miles an hour. A few days after the race the same ship set a new world record for speed by traveling 355.8 miles an hour over a measured straightaway of three kilometers.

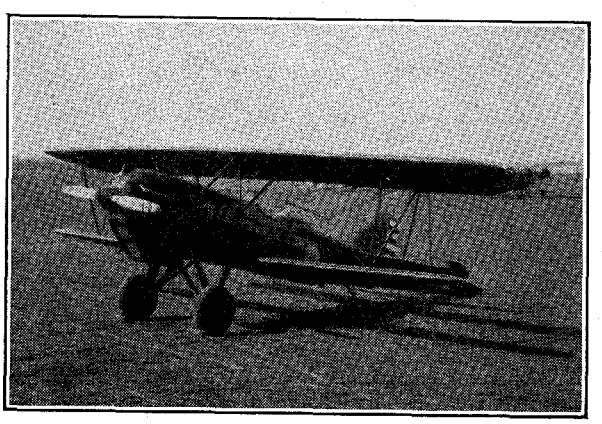
Viewed in the light of these achievements, it is easy to understand why Great Britain should have the fastest fighting planes in all the world. Indeed, it would be strange if recurrent reports to this effect were not true. Otherwise the vast amount of money, time and brain-power expended in research and experiment to produce a Schneider Cup racer capable of nearly six miles a minute in level flight would seem to be pretty sadly wasted. And it is inclined to raise more than a little question concerning the wisdom of the American policy of participating no more in Pulitzer and Schneider races "because the expense involved is not justified."

There is one form of military flying which may be said to be peculiar to the United States Army Air Corps, so that, in this branch, at least, there can be no possible doubt that America leads the rest of the world. It is called attack aviation, and its introduction and development in our air tactics was largely due to the efforts of Major Harvey Burwell, now assigned as instructor in the University of California Reserve Officers Training Corps. Most of its effectiveness as a means of waging war from the air lies in the element of surprise and consequent enemy demoralization. This is its chief protection as well because it strikes and is gone before there is any opportunity to strike back. It is the "contour-chasing" brand of aviation, the strategy behind it being to skim low over fields and trees and houses, bursting suddenly on the objective with chattering machine guns and tumbling fragmentation bombs, only to disappear over the next hill, clump of trees or wall before the smoke and confusion have cleared away. Attack aviation is considered particularly effective against columns of troops, caught moving along some highway, but it is almost equally demoralizing for trench enfilade or the silencing of anti-aircraft or machine gun batteries. It is probably the most thrilling variety of modern military flying, for its zone of action holds it always as near the ground as it is possible to fly without collision, and it is here alone that one gets a true impression of the speed at which airplanes travel. Things happen and happen fast. There is no place for the old, romantic idea of duelling with a foeman in the vault of heaven, but the airman who craves action in the next war probably will find more of it in attack aviation than in any other branch of the erstwhile "cavalry of the clouds."



Keystone

The smoke screen over lower Manhattan



THE CURTISS FALCON
American Army observation and attack plane

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Gangland Invades the Provinces ◀◀

By ROBERT FRANK LYNN

IT WOULD be hard to find in all of the Southwest a sleepier village than Garland City, a tiny river hamlet on the west bank of Red River, twenty-two miles east of the Arkansas-Texas border city of Texarkana. Home of a hundred or so white plantation owners and perhaps twice as many Negro farm tenants, it is surrounded on all sides by the river, the rich black-land farms and the ever-present south Arkansas swamps. Peaceful merchants keep two or three stores open for supplying fat salt pork and corn meal to the colored folk. At least, they keep them open most of the time that they are not fishing or hunting along the nearby bayous.

One would never suspect that Garland City is the liquor capital of a large part of the Southwest, the home of a famous amber-colored liquid called "Garland City Pride," known and liked in Shreveport, Dallas, Little Rock and several other southwestern cities by drinkers who will have nothing else. Neither would one suspect that Miller County was gang-ridden. That is, unless one looked at the ruins of the partially completed toll bridge sticking out of the muddy waters of Red River, where it was deposited several months ago by several well-placed charges of dynamite.

For years merchants of Texarkana have wanted a state toll bridge across the river at this point, so that citizens of Magnolia, Lewisville and Stamps, towns to the east, could come to Texarkana to shop. It seemed for a while that their efforts to get such a bridge were going to be fulfilled. The state sold bonds for the project and started construction of a half-million-dollar span. By the middle of last summer all the steel had been bolted in place, and only the approaches remained. Then, one night, the countryside was rocked by a series of well-timed explosions. The large steel bridge was skidded from the concrete pillars to plunge into the red tide. Bent and twisted, only the top of the girders protruded from the river.

Miller County and Texarkana were surprised, almost frightened. Several grand juries and a score or more of detectives started working on the case, fearful that they might find out who did the job. Their conclusions to date have consisted of several assumptions, chief among which is that evidently some one didn't want a toll bridge at this point, and that person had chosen the most direct means of getting rid of the structure. But Miller County and Texarkana should not have been surprised, for for ten or fifteen years, ever since prohibition in Arkansas, as a matter of fact, a few citizens of Miller County have been getting just what they want by the most direct method possible, getting it by force. These few have had a taste of lawlessness and have found it sweet, and have ever reached out for more. The toll bridge episode was only the largest grab.

Gang existence in Miller County began back in 1920 along with bootlegging. Of course, there had been bootlegging before, for Arkansas had a "bone dry" law, but good liquor could be brought in from Louisiana, and no one saw the need of spending any time on the home-made product. But in 1920 post-war cotton prices, combined with disastrous floods, impoverished the farmers of the Red River valley, especially the tenant farmers. Many went to nearby El Dorado, there to use their teams and wagons in hauling timbers and piping to the newly discovered oil fields. These came back on week-ends to tell of wide-open saloons, painted women, big wages and free spenders, and corn liquor that sold for $15 a quart. Several Miller County distillers began to manufacture their product and transport it to El Dorado and Smackover, and thereby divert some of these high wages to Miller County and bring about their own farm relief.

THE industry got a start, and it is only necessary to ask the man on the street in Texarkana if it flourished. Individual distillers multiplied almost overnight in the swamps, admirably suited to the manufacture of the whisky. Among the cypress trees of almost every island in the middle of the many shallow, muddy lakes of the county a still was set going. These were no ordinary stills, but plants with large copper boilers and worms, set on a concrete base and roofed over with cypress planks from the nearby sawmills. Wholesale hardware dealers in Texarkana did a carload lot business in charred kegs and fruit jars, and wholesale grocerymen could hardly get enough corn sugar and cracked corn to supply the demand. Then there began price cutting and liquor feuds. The price came down to as low as seven dollars a gallon, and now it is five dollars.

The oil field "roughnecks" of the El Dorado and Smackover oil fields, finding business a little dull, took themselves to livelier places, and in their drunken moments remembered "Garland City Pride" as a wonderful elixir. They demanded it from bootleggers in Dallas, Shreveport, Little Rock, Pine Bluff and Camden, and before long these gentlemen were running trucks and speedy automobiles to Miller County to get their weekly quota of "Garland City Pride." The distillers themselves proved to be pretty good advertisers, too. Beautiful myths about distillers recently employed in bonded distilleries in Kentucky having deserted a tame job to put up stills in Miller County were circulated among customers. These customers, after a few drinks of the boasted product, could even remember seeing the experienced distillers at work; they remembered their names, what kind of clothes they wore, and they carried their description back to their fellow consumers, who added their testimony to the re-telling of these yarns.

THE result of all this has been that Garland City, and now Fouke, another small town in the western part of the county near Texarkana, have become names increasingly important among drinkers of the Southwest. It was inevitable that liquor killings would grow more frequent. At present, hardly a month goes by that some hapless amateur distiller is not surprised at his task by a neighbor distiller and shot in the back with a load of buckshot, or put "on the spot" on an out-of-the-way pine knoll by the syrupy entreaties of a few of his neighbors, there to be mercilessly executed. Else his body is found in the deep woods riddled with squirrel shot, and the coroner finds that he has been shot "accidentally." Very few gang killings get into the court, for the simple reason that no defendants can be found. In the early part of 1929 two farmer's youths were executed by some ruffian who threw loads of buckshot into them from behind, and their bodies were stuffed into a deserted well. Their mother missed them several days later and the officers instituted a search. The bodies were found, badly decomposed. It was said at the inquest that there had been hard feelings in the backwoods community when the two had set up a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whisky still to increase their agricultural earnings. Who did the shooting remains a mystery.

Efforts of federal prohibition agents directed at Miller County moonshiners usually fail, for the very simple reason that federal officers waited until the traffic was too well established before they began enforcing. The geography of the territory is another obstacle in the way of local or federal enforcement. It is one thing to ferret out a still in a crowded city tenement section, and quite another thing to stalk moonshiners in the Red River "bottoms." Hiding places are chosen with the skill of the woodsman, and adequate protection of the stills is afforded by keen-eyed "swampers." By the "grape vine telegraph" the presence of the federal officer is relayed to all parts of the swamp country in several hours, much faster than the city-bred federal officers can flounder through the morass, even though they are directed by an unwilling deputy sheriff or two. Often these federal officers are shot down in their tracks, but more often they just touch the fringe of the Miller County liquor supply and content themselves with taking a small still, leaving the plants that really matter untouched.

Several years ago when federal enforcement was still young, and enforcement officers a shade more inexperienced and more naïve than they are now, two of these gentlemen walked up to one of the best known of the county's bootleggers, a profane braggart, as strong as his oaths. They announced naïvely that they were looking for stills hereabout, and would he mind if they looked in his woodland bordering the swamp? This giant of the river country, who once knocked a mounted Negro off his mule without even bothering to dismount himself, looked condescendingly down from his perch on his front stoop and reckoned "that he didn't mind if they did. Thar's the gate, but be shore and close it when you go in. 'Cause you won't be coming back out this way." The enforcement gentlemen pondered this bit of river country sarcasm and thereupon decided to do their still hunting in other and less dangerous parts.

Occasionally these liquor barons make a sacrifice to the law and charge it up to advertising. Despite the romantic yarns about Kentucky distillers come to Miller County, practically all of the stills are operated by anonymous Negroes who fear to leave their posts lest their bodies be found in some unused well. The owners of the still take a few minutes off every day from their more legitimate duties, such as overseeing a 640-acre farm, to go down to the still to see if "Jesse" or "Ike" or "Mose" is making the stuff right. These Negroes have grown very expert in their enforced occupation and really turn out a fair grade of corn liquor. But it is the unfortunate black who always gets caught operating one of these stills, and it occasionally does happen. Federal officers stumble upon a plant less carefully hidden and cart the copper and the hapless Negro to Texarkana to the county jail.

Several of these liquor making plants discovered in Miller County have been marvels of modern moonshining efficiency. Constructed of heavy-gauge copper, they have a capacity of two or three hundred gallons of mash. Usually stills of this type are set in concrete chambers built under bluff sandbanks, the opening to the chamber being hidden by willows and rushes. Concrete floors, copper fermenting vats and a hundred or so five-gallon charred oak kegs make these places complete distilleries. Gasoline fires instead of wood fires are used to heat the pots, so that the smoke will not attract the attention of passers-by.

When one of these establishments is raided, the cost to the moonshiner runs into thousands. He contents himself with the good that the disclosure brings to the distilling industry, however. For the papers tell of the capture in large headlines and describe the outfit in detail. His customers decide that these tales they have been telling about the Miller County liquor are true after all. This sort of thing brings about good will worth more than the cost of the still. As for "Ike," who was caught with the still, well, "wasn't that what niggers were for, anyhow?"

As for local enforcement, there is little or no evidence that the officers are getting paid to let Miller County moonshiners alone. They are only too glad, as a matter of fact, so that no added philanthropy is needed. Occasionally, they, too, capture a still that they just can't miss, but they generally have recognized the futility of the business of trying to search every pine thicket in the countryside. For when they destroy one, two other enterprising manufacturers set up two more in the same place. But with half-hearted enforcement both by federal and local officers, the number of stills captured is surprisingly large. When they are brought into the county jail, they are hacked through with axes and piled beside the jail. Already this pile of battered cans reaches to the second story of the county edifice.

Last spring one of the Miller County bootleggers became so daring as to place his still on the Lafayette county side of the river, where enforcement by local officers is a bit stricter. In due time the sheriff and his deputies came upon this gigantic pot of copper and took it to the county courthouse along with the owner, who was later released on bail. In Lafayette county the procedure is a little different. Instead of being destroyed, the stills are usually locked up in

International

Federal officers capture a moonshine outfit

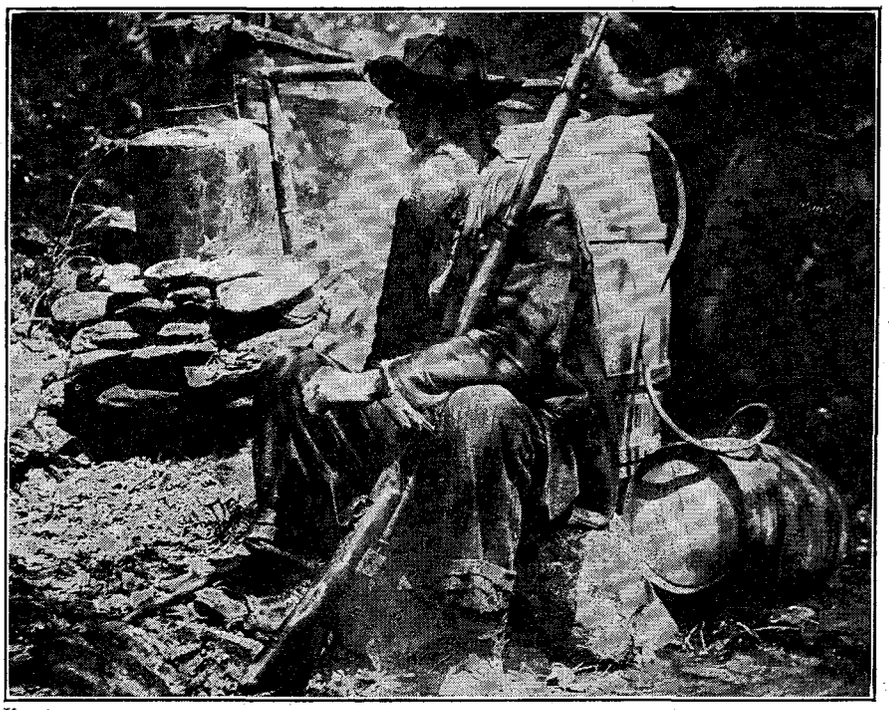
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the county jail and later used as evidence. In this case the still was too large to go through the door, so it was left outside. A couple of nights later, one of the village wags borrowed a truck, loaded the still on it and carried it back across the river to its rightful owner. He was rewarded with three or four five-gallon carboys of "Garland City Pride."

If the Miller County rural districts have their liquor killings and feuds, the liquor business in Texarkana, the border city and home of Senator Morris Sheppard, is not run so loosely. Texarkana has its "Al Capone," and under his direction the town affords a hundred or so retail outlets for the stuff. Most of these places are in the city's "red light" district, which shifts from the Texas to the Arkansas side according to the activities of the Texas Rangers, but they may also be found along the main street, where vendors of cigarettes and soft drinks have several bottles handy to refresh those who don't want to buy in quantities. This "Al Capone" of Texarkana is the chap who is reported to have ordered a carload of square fruit jars through a local wholesale house. The square fruit jar is a rarity in the neighborhood, so this enterprising gangster passed word around to his henchmen that only liquor sold in "square fruit jars" was legitimate. Those who were discovered selling round fruit jars laid themselves open to arrest.

On the highways leading to the border city there are numerous "roadhouses," garages and filling stations which cater to empty stomachs as well as to empty gasoline tanks. Wayward high school pupils out for their evening spin manage to find their stimulants in these places, a large number of which are run by farmers' wives. The "lady bootlegger," in fact, has become quite a problem in the city and its environs, though the genial barmaid of the roadhouses is a novelty present only in Texarkana. Some twenty of these feminine 'leggers were rounded up by the authorities a little over a year ago and brought to jail. All ages were represented, ranging from twenty to sixty years.

When moonshiners and bootleggers are brought into the courts in Texarkana, prosecutors are faced with the fact that it is hard to get a conviction from Miller County juries; in fact, from rural juries in general whether they are from Texarkana or not. Preposterous tales, and alibis involving the most incredulous motives, are told by defendants and believed by juries.



Keystone

An old-timer guards a Georgia still

One farmer lad, arrested on a charge of possessing a still and possessing mash for the manufacture of liquor, testified in District Court in Texarkana in the spring of 1928 that a number of copper pots which were found in his barn were used to contain sweet potatoes which he kept for his hogs. On being questioned further, he admitted that the stove which fitted neatly under the pots was used to cook the potatoes to make them more edible for the shoats.

This trick, he announced, had been learned when he had been attending a nearby agricultural school, where he was told always to cook potatoes before they were fed to swine. The mash in the barrels was also hog food. After deliberation the jury returned a verdict for the swine. The defendant was acquitted.

Another couple in an adjoining county was haled into court on a charge of operating a still, possessing that still, and possessing the mash which they were alleged to be boiling. The arresting officers testified that they had caught the defendants chopping wood, building a fire under the still and talking about pouring the mash into the boiler. These two alleged moonshiners took the witness stand and said that they were on the way to where their automobile was stalled when they came across the still. They went in to have a look at it out of mere curiosity, lifted the lids of the mash containers, and happened to remark that the stuff was nearly ready to run. It was at this point that the officers ordered them to hold up their hands. The still didn't belong to them, and they never had seen it before in their lives. Moreover the wire brush and the soldering kit, which the officers had charged they were going to use to mend some leaky joints on the still, were going to be used to repair the radiator of the stalled automobile. As a matter of fact, they had brought the materials along with them from home, and had never figured on using them on a moonshining still —only to fix up a poor country boy's broken-down auto.

Needless to say, the county jury adjudged that the boys had been victims of a very unusual combination of circumstances, and acquitted them of the charge.

So Miller County moonshiners keep at their trade, while the citizens mix a mouthful of "Garland City Pride" with a mouthful of Coca Cola, an unholy mixture, and guzzle it down with apparent satisfaction. No one bothers.

"That bridge? Oh, it was probably those Red steel men the bridge people brought in from Kansas City. We've got decent citizens in this county.

"Doesn't the author of the Eighteenth Amendment live here? You don't find him telling about how rotten things are in Texarkana and this vicinity."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▸▸ Will Bobby Jones Come Back? ◂◂

By GEORGE TREVOR

WITH Bobby Jones's retirement from tournament play, a golfing dynasty ended. No other golfer, amateur or professional, ever dominated the competitive links as did the tousle-haired Atlantan in the eight years embraced by the dates 1923-1930.

During these eight years Jones accounted for thirteen major championships—an unlucky number from the viewpoint of those professionals whose dreams of gold and glory took wing on Bobby's thread-needle irons and thwacking woods. That incredible thirteen comprises five American amateur titles, four United States opens, three British opens, and one British amateur.

Jones quits at the zenith of his career, obligingly leaving a few records in the keeping of other players. Had he chosen to continue his scythe-like sweep he might have reduced the record book to a monotonous monosyllable, reiterating the most plebeian of names.

Two questions inevitably arise. What effect will Jones's retirement have upon tournament golf? Will Bobby ever strike another shot "in anger"?

I shall try to answer these queries in order. To begin with, Jones's withdrawal is likely to cut tournament crowds in half, thus reducing championship gate receipts by fifty per cent. The U. S. G. A. will be hit in an extremely sensitive spot—the box office.

Bobby Jones, competitively speaking, was greater than the game he ornamented. By this I mean that he attracted four-fifths of the gallery in every tournament he entered. Jones's drawing power, making allowance for golf's lesser appeal as a spectacle compared with baseball, tennis, and boxing, was proportionately greater than that of Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, and Jack Dempsey. I have seen golf enthusiasts desert a championship match between top notchers merely to watch Bobby hit some practice shots.

It wasn't just blind hero worship, this public mania for watching Jones. The golf spectator differs from patrons of other sports in that he plays the game he watches. Moreover, he has a passion for self improvement which is reflected in a willingness, nay an eagerness, to pay for personal instruction. Whereas, the tennis dub is content to muddle along with the cramped strokes he picked up as a child, the golf duffer pays his hard-earned money to teachers who can cut a few strokes off his score.

Thousands of people followed Bobby Jones to get an inexpensive lesson from the supreme stylist. For the price of an admission tag they watched Jones demonstrate the whole gamut of shot making. They would study each phase of his molasses syrup swing and hurry out to their own courses the next day in a vain attempt to reproduce Bob's flawless rhythm. Their efforts had a burlesque flavor but their sincerity helps explain Jones's box-office magnetism.

Golf is primarily a game to play rather than watch. Only a genius such as Bobby could have coaxed five thousand people to pay for the privilege of being jostled and elbowed in a cross country race under a semi-tropical sun. With Bobby a noncombatant, many of these golf fanatics are going to read about tournaments instead of participating in the fairway stampede.

GOLF championships will be more comfortable to watch, more pleasant to conduct, and less irksome to play in now that Jones has retired. Think of the burden it will lift from the shoulders of the red-capped stewards charged with keeping order on the course. Their ropes and flags and megaphones were pitifully inadequate when it came to holding back that human tide.

Reporters will now have an opportunity to see the shots they write about, instead of being walled off from the green by opaque human hedges. The crowd will be distributed in six or seven medium sized galleries, widely spaced across the links, where formerly it coagulated about the chunky form of golf's Panjandrum.

No longer will competitors be harassed by the inconsiderate mob which stormed the greens in advance of the Atlantan to grab points of vantage. The indignities suffered by contestants immediately preceding or following Bobby can only faintly be imagined. I have seen contenders in the Open Championship knocked off their feet by Jones's army. I have seen high strung competitors fume and fret for twenty minutes on the tee while marshals strove to clear the teeming fairway.

Competition will be keener now that the superman has stowed away his magic clubs. No longer will the term "Open Championship" be a misnomer. In recent years it has been Jones against the field. Now it will be a dog fight between at least a dozen evenly matched contenders.

WILL Jones come back? A former U. S. G. A. official tells me that he is sure Bob will apply for reinstatement as an amateur within five years. Jones has not been definitely classed as a professional. He is simply "ineligible to compete as an amateur"—a disqualification attributable to his radio talks. Jones's contract to make "instructional pictures" did not technically violate the amateur rule.

Bobby will not turn "pro" in the ordinary sense of teaching or play for purses, but what is there to prevent his entering the United States or British Open as a kind of golfing hybrid? Technically he might be classified as a professional and the prefix, "Mr." deleted from his name, but he could satisfy his conscience, in case of victory, by refusing the prize money. Naturally he would not be eligible to receive the amateur equivalent of money—gold medals or silver plate.

It seems unlikely that Jones, a high-principled sportsman, would apply for reinstatement as an amateur after earning a king's ransom via radio and motion pictures. There must be some limit in the matter of eating your cake and having it, too.

Meanwhile, Jones's status overseas occasions interesting speculation. As an honorary member of the Royal and Ancient Society, Bob is presumably eligible to play in the British Amateur Championship. The chairman of that august body has stated that Jones is still an amateur according to R. and A. standards.

As a matter of courtesy, the British governing body has always accepted the U. S. G. A.'s eligibility rulings appertaining to American golfers who seek to enter British championships. But Jones's case is different, since, as a bona fide member of the R. and A., he is ipso facto entitled to compete in its amateur event.

There is fuel here for an international controversy, but I doubt whether Jones will precipitate the question. I think he meant it when he said: "I have played competitive golf for the last time."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Appraising 1930

SOME of our business observers and commentators are disposed to treat the year 1930 as though it were all of a piece, wrapping it up in a neat package, labeling it "A Thoroughly Bad Year," and stowing it away on a high shelf in the darkest corner of the storeroom.

The problem of appraisal is not quite so simple as that. The year brought plenty of grief—commodity prices at the lowest levels in years, pig iron output and steel ingot production down to 1924 totals, copper smelting one-third off, bank failures double those of 1929, and unemployment bad, worse or worst, depending on whose figures were accepted.

The gloom, however, was not entirely unrelieved. In some way or other we, the people of the United States, managed to increase our savings deposits during the year by an even billion dollars. We invested fifteen billion dollars abroad, an increase of a billion over 1929. Acceptance credits were enlarged by close to another billion. New life insurance written totaled eighteen and one-half billions, within 4 per cent of the 1929 total. Electric output was but 1.6 per cent off. Repossessions on instalment sales contracts in 1930 exceeded those of 1929 by only a slight margin.

During 1930 our railroads handled more than 45,000,000 cars of revenue freight. In shipping, we built 657 new vessels, with an increase of 19.6 per cent in tonnage over 1929. We rose from fifth to second place in the world, in tonnage launched. Dividend disbursements made by 3,200 representative companies aggregated $4,982,668,635. And so on. American business did not go to wrack and ruin in 1930. It carried on.

Straws

IN A few weeks "The Stream of Business" will round out its first year as a regular feature of the OUTLOOK. Conducting the page is a fascinating assignment, with one utterly baffling problem—to do justice to the entire business picture in three short columns.

In this week's news, for example, there are at least a dozen developments any one of which would justify a column of comment. But the best we can do is to pick out a few straws to show the way the wind is blowing, and handle them on the basis of one short paragraph per straw.

The Capper-Kelly Bill, permitting the fixing of resale prices, has been passed by the House of Representatives, but with amendments which are believed by many observers to nullify the measure's practical value and raise serious constitutional questions.

Radio Keith Orpheum announces that it has consummated the purchase of the assets of the Pathe Exchange for $4,630,789. Two suits brought by dissatisfied Pathe stockholders to restrain the sale of the assets are still pending.

Bethlehem Steel, temporarily blocked in its attempt to absorb Youngstown Sheet and Tube, turns in another direction and negotiates to acquire a number of structural steel fabricators, including the McClintic-Marshall Construction Company.

The National Broadcasting Company Artists Service assumes charge of booking all artists and organizations making records for the Radio Corporation of America Victor Company. The new alignment gives NBC a total of 105 major concert and opera stars and 250 radio artists. The country, Mr. Baer, is still getting away with merger.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) January 29—77.2. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) January 29—67.7.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended January 17—725,938 cars (increase of 11,687 over preceding week; reduction of 121,217 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended January 24—46% of capacity (increase of 1.5% over preceding week; reduction of 27% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended January 24—daily average gross 2,110,600 barrels (increase of 16,600 over preceding week; reduction of 505,000 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended January 24—315,000 bushels (reduction of 66,000 under preceding week and of 1,053,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended January 29—$7,792,423,000 (reduction of 2.1% under preceding week and of 21.6% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended January 29—660 (reduction of 52 under preceding week; increase of 115 over same week of 1930).

Let There Be Electric Light

ONE can scarcely blame the electric light and power companies for being a bit chesty over their achievements during 1930. In spite of greatly reduced residential construction throughout the country, they corraled 472,000 new domestic users of their service. Numerical increases were largest in Pennsylvania, New York, California, New Jersey and Massachusetts, and percentage increases were largest in the southern states.

About 70 per cent of all American homes are now wired for electricity. The remaining 30 per cent are accounted for largely in rural districts, and during 1930 about 100,000 additional farms were electrified. This was a gain of 18 per cent over 1929, and is the largest number of new rural electrifications ever made in a single year. About 680,000 farms are now electrified.

Small power users (highway lighting, electric signs, store lighting, exterior building illumination, and the like) showed an increase in 1930 of about 10 per cent over 1929. Gross revenues from all classes of customers aggregated about two billion dollars, an increase of approximately 3 per cent. At the same time, the average price per kilowatt hour for home use of current declined 5 per cent. What's wrong with this picture? Nothing that we can see by the light of our desk-lamp.

More Origins

Two weeks ago our review concerned the foundations of banking. This week we delve into the sources of law, with *Origins of the Early English Maritime and Commercial Law* (Century $4) by Frederick Rockwell Sanborn, professor of law at the Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University and at St. John's College School of Law in Brooklyn.

This is the only history in English of early maritime law, and the only one in any language since the publication of the famous work by Desjardins about fifty years ago.

In the early days "maritime law" dealt not only with the primitive branches of commercial law, but also with the beginnings of international law. Dr. Sanborn's book is no meat for subdebs or drugstore cowboys, but business men will find it illuminating and it will have a special appeal for admiralty lawyers, attorneys engaged in general commercial practice, and students of legal history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Bride of Heaven

READERS interested in life with a capital L usually say that they find it at its best in novels like Fannie Hurst's *Back Street*. For this reviewer (who is, to tell the truth, not much interested in it) it is more apt to lurk in the pages of a "human interest" biography, provided those pages are written by a competent hand. It is to be found, pressed down and running over, in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* a life of Annie Besant, by Gertrude Marvin Williams (Coward, McCann $3.50), a story which traces not only the career of an extraordinary human being, but also the curve of public opinion during the last seventy-five years. Probably few types of people understand each other less than "joiners" and "non-joiners." We can all espouse a cause temporarily or from time to time. But that is not the same thing as being a "joiner." Mrs. Besant is a born "joiner." A tyro at psychoanalysis, given the data which Miss Williams provides, can build up the mental background which made Mrs. Besant what she is. He can trace the qualities of fortitude and determination which she got from her mother, and can see how the incidents of her youth influenced her into bitter revolt against convention. Disappointed in her adoration of her mother, she turned as a little girl to religious fervor. Then, as W. T. Stead said of her, "She could not be the bride of Heaven, and therefore became the bride of Mr. Frank Besant. He was hardly an adequate substitute." He was a clergyman, and he upset at once her faith in the joys of marriage and in the truth of Christian doctrine. Except in one case, the turns in her life were directed by men. A strong and fascinating man, Bradlaugh, a great figure in English liberal thought in the seventies and eighties, led Annie Besant to atheism. At that time this was the "reddest" cause that a rebellious young woman could espouse. From it, she turned to an interest in birth control and in this cause suffered the greatest persecution of her career. The case of the Queen vs. Bradlaugh and Besant won in England the right to disseminate birth control information. Miss Williams says of it that "perhaps . . . this was the greatest achievement of all Annie Besant's many years of life." Another man won her to socialism. Then she fell under the influence of W. T. Stead. It might have been a stabilizer but it did not last long enough. Her next interest was in the cause of labor in England. Here, too, she did sound pioneer work. Then comes the step-down. She met Madame Blavatsky, the notorious occultist. From

Illustration from "The Gentle Libertine" by Colette (Farrar and Rinehart)

that point on religious fervor began to command all her thoughts. She went to India and became a power in theosophy. Another man, the most dangerous to influence her career, took subversive command of such good sense as she had. For years she was involved in one ugly quarrel after another because of the questionable activities of Leadbeater, another leader of the theosophical cult. Eventually her talent for politics and her love of the under-dog led her into Indian politics, where, although she did great work in awakening Nationalist feeling, she went down to defeat before Gandhi. By a full circle, she joined a religious organization known as the Liberal Catholic Church, and then a pseudo-masonic cult, and presently was before the world again as the sponsor of Krishnamurti, announced as Christ come anew to earth. There she is now, a very old lady who is cheered to the echo whenever she appears to speak at a tent colony meeting or at some other gathering of her followers. After such a meeting, recently, she said, her face white with emotion, "It would have been much easier for me, if it had been a hostile crowd." There lies the exquisite pathos of the story. Here is a woman of whom Miss Williams says: "In her work, Mrs. Besant has amply justified the confidence which she inspires. But her beauty has always helped," and, writing of one of the many occasions on which her truthfulness was questioned, "These contradictions and discrepancies recur from time to time all through Annie Besant's life"; and "A longing to sacrifice herself to something greater than herself has been . . . the keynote of her life." And, of her last years, "She was surrendering to the identical signs and symbols whose rejection, half a century before, she had made the cornerstone of her career." Miss Williams has written this story well. This reviewer believes that she has done it especially well because, although she has found it hard, as most of us must, to understand the last half of Annie Besant's life, hard to think of auras and gurus, masonic regalias and "thurifers spilling clouds of incense" as anything but a farrago of nonsense, hard to follow the twists of a mind at once so able and so cloudy, although she has for these things only curiosity and wonder, still she has never lost her sympathy for the brave and shimmering figure of her heroine. Reading of Annie Besant, one thinks, inevitably, of other women who have suffered and enjoyed religious ecstasy, who have founded cults and led causes, who belong in varying degrees of wisdom and power and ability but not, we do believe, of conviction, to the same group. Their causes may grow popular and stale and their cults fall into derision

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and decay, but they, themselves, will never cease to fascinate and amaze. There is no human interest in a novel of "real life" to equal that which there is in a story of such a woman. Atheist, feminist, Malthusian, socialist, labor organizer, occultist, theosophist, Co-Mason, Liberal Catholic, Prophet of the New Messiah. The cynic will add—and money maker. We prefer to say—and an old woman whose beauty has always helped still thinking of how magnificent it is to face a hostile audience for a cause.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"A JEW IN LOVE" by Ben Hecht (Covici, Friede $2.50). Tortured, misshapen personalities make easy fireworks in fiction. There was a time when a murder, a theft, or an elopement could swing you to melodramatic heights. Now, however, human relations, keyed to the same fever pitch, take the place of those simple old activities. You read about sadists, narcissists, and megalomaniacs, for your stimulus. You read, for your edification, that people pummel each other and drown their sensibilities in hysteria to find true love, and that when self-expression attains its greatest reality it must flow out in monosyllabic slime. The quintessence of this school you can cull from Ben Hecht's latest novel, *A Jew in Love*. Here is a modern version of an egoist, excoriated by his lustful pursuit of his own soul. Here, in the maniacal agility of Jo Boshere's intellect, in the puny chaos of his loves and losses, lies the complete psychoanalysis of a character. Jo Boshere goes through his days and nights attended by the powers of destruction. He leaves a trail of corpses behind him. First he weans a professor from his wedded bliss. Next he shatters the nervous system of a poetess. Lastly, and most importantly to him, he attempts to possess the elusive spirit of the dyed-blonde, Tillie. Her fat responsive body he easily masters, but months of fiendish scheming do not bring her spirit to heel. Through scene after scene of screams, ululations, and punches, Jo and Tillie play hide-and-seek with each other's honesty. In the end, however, Tillie conquers from sheer inanity. There is almost no conversation in the book. It consists of elaborate dissections and scathing pyrotechnics, punctuated from time to time by a shower of back-alley language. It has the pungency, the reality, and the importance of a Bowery brawl.—V. P. R.

Two Thieves by Manuel Komroff (Coward-McCann $2.50). *A Woman on Her Way* by John van Druten (Knopf $3). *Blind Man's Mark* by Martin Armstrong (Harcourt Brace $2.50).

No teller of tales can surpass Manuel Komroff in fertility of invention and breathless rush of narrative. *Two Thieves* is not complicated, as was his *Coronet*. That had a triple plot woven together with a symbolism not always clear to a rapid reader,—and one had to read fast because of the excitement of action and incident. *Two Thieves* is short, simple, but even more intense. Thieves in a sense these two were; but they plotted for a great stake, no less than the destruction of Rome's empire over Judea; and though Pilate off-hand condemned Rongus, the Jew ex-slave, to death, with the words, "I will need no water to wash my hands in the presence of the people. No unjust blood is spilt here," Rongus and his master, the Arab Barzor, played a great game for freedom and against the Roman Empire. No one remembered their names but they died on Calvary. "Adventurous, plundering, murderous, colorful lives," it has been said they led; but they fought for a stake the winning of which might have changed the course of civilization. Komroff again shows that he has imagination as well as inventiveness, and impelling power as well as vividness.

The author of the popular play and novel *Young Woodley*, gives his new novel the intriguing title *A Woman on Her Way*. But the reader asks himself what way this woman is on; she plods along, writing fairly good novels for a living, but without ambition enough to try to equal her first success; she is not a gold-digger or a sex-maniac, but toward the end of the book she remarks that there have been "only seven men" in her life including one alcoholic husband. Later she adds an eighth to the list—a young dramatist who is a total failure—not that she cares about him, but just to console him; and she is astonished when the lad's wife starts a divorce suit and people call her a baby-snatcher. If ever there was a purposeless, friendly sort of person, she is one. We like her mildly; for all her lack of backbone, she is an agreeable and kindly woman. Inter-patterning in her life are the "ways" of other women, and their individual traits and characters are well brought out. The dialogue is notably well managed and it is often clever and witty. Elinor's story ends in an agreeable but not exciting marriage between her and her old friend Richard; both feel that love of others has left them stranded, so they seek happiness in marriage without love. Long as the novel is, it holds attention extremely well.

A sober-minded but well written—and sometimes delightfully written—story is *Blind Man's Mark*. The theme is well-worn (the development of a boy's character from childhood into manhood) but the workmanship and the invention are original and effective. Adrian is an impressionable English boy, and he responds favorably or adversely so strongly that he is always way up or way down in his emotional nature. A foolish mother, a noble poet as a grandfather, an uncle and aunt who are practical and witty, an older school-boy whom he worships but who fails him in later life—all these and others affect his nature and cross each other in their influences. In one of his despairing spells Adrian attempts suicide with an ancient pistol in a rabbit hunt, thinking it would be regarded as an accident. But instead of blowing his brains out, he succeeds only

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Festival, by Struthers Burt: Scribner's. A novel clamorous with life, mellow with reflection; itself a sort of fiesta. Reviewed January 28.

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Portrait by Caroline, by Sylvia Thompson: Little Brown. A deft English novel of manners and class which relates the tale of a restless wife. Reviewed January 7.

Imperial Palace, by Arnold Bennett: Doubleday Doran. A great London hotel is the real heroine of this long novel in which the overwhelming wealth of detail obscures the interest of characters and plot. Bennett's best in many years. Reviewed in issue of December 17.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in giving himself concussion of the brain and is left comforted and happy—certainly a comic-tragic ending. But perhaps Mr. Armstrong will give us another book about Adrian.—R. T. D.

But It Still Goes On by Robert Graves (Cape & Smith $3). *Dumb Animal* by Osbert Sitwell (Lippincott $2.50). *On the Edge* by Walter de la Mare (Knopf $3).

Long stories, sketches and one play are to be found in these three books by English poets writing prose. De la Mare is going on for sixty. Graves and Sitwell are of the generation which was too deeply bruised psychically to ever recover complete poise. Both men are too sensitive to fall, in their protests against hypocrisy, into stolid brutality and tend rather to sharp irony. In Sitwell this is made forceful by a carefully controlled prose style. His own personality finds its way very slightly into his work. The interest in intricate forms and the mannerisms of his verse lend definite charm to his prose. His subject matter is thoroughly modern. In Graves there is tiresome exploitation of an egotistical and melodramatic personality. Much of his book is concerned with a dull postscript to his *Good-bye to All That*. The lopsided gaiety which marks his poetry gives place to a hardboiled manner, suitable enough to some of his material, particularly to the play which gives the book its title, but sophomoric and marred by slovenly writing. Of Walter de la Mare there is nothing new to say. One can only sing his praises again. He has the knack of "catching the commonplace off its guard," as Louis Untermeyer once said of him. He puts new grace into old, plain things. The lyric richness and the deceptive simplicity of his verse is repeated in his prose. As always he writes of things and sensations that hang "on the edge" between the real and the dream, of ghosts that are human and humans that are ghostly. His stories are peopled with Travelers, "knocking on the moonlit door," saying "Is anybody there," and Listeners whose stillness is the only answer.—F. L. R.

Sunset Pass by Zane Grey (Harper $2). This typical "western" is on the Most Discussed Books list. It is an innocent and foolish book written for the entirely uncritical. The story has the usual picturesque setting, wild action, absurd characterizations, and homely "wal now friends" dialogue for which the author is cherished by his admirers. It also has a mystery centering on a particularly slimy villain. It should make a good movie scenario, and we would rather see it as that, with plenty of cow-ponies against a background of exquisite California scenery, than read it. Books of this sort, so frowned upon by the toploftical, seem to this reviewer entirely harmless.

In Egypt by John C. Van Dyke (Scribner's $2.50). This is an excellent companion volume to Baedecker for the tourist to Egypt. The author is not only an experienced traveler but also an authority on the history of art. Understanding himself what the stranger in Egypt is sure to see and apt to ask about, he has taken care to answer questions both for the historically minded and for the lover of nature and humans. His style is easy and entertaining.

Behind the Blurbs

If you are a detective and adventure story addict, and want to try a true one for a change, read *Behind the Green Lights*[1], the life story of Captain Cornelius Willemse, who started as a bouncer in a Bowery saloon and ended as head of a detective division in New York's police department. It will show you what the cop is up against in his battle with crime, and will give you also about as much vicarious excitement as you can stand in one evening, for there are plenty of good anecdotes and battle stories from Bowery days down to our own racketeer-ridden times. Captain Willemse estimates the amount taken out of New York yearly by rackets at something over $200,000,000, and his remarks about the situation will give you something to think about. ♣♣♣ *Apache*[2] is the story of Mangus Colorado, famous Apache chief, his rise to power in the tribe, his efforts to understand the whites, and the implacable enmity that their cruelty and stupidity finally roused in him. A chapter of the conquest of the West, from an Indian point of view. ♣♣♣ *The Man with the Scarred Hand*[3] is a swell mystery story, and there isn't a detective or a fingerprint in it. There was something fishy about the offers that Jim Blake got for the abandoned farm where his grandfather had once established an eccentric colony, so Jim started out to investigate. Immediately he ran into a girl, and trouble. He crept up stairs in abandoned houses and got lost in a cave and was captured and escaped—but no matter how fast the pace, the story never becomes muddled. We give it A plus.

Walter R. Brooks.

1. Knopf, $3.00.
2. By Will Levington Comfort: Dutton, $2.50.
3. By Henry Kitchell Webster: Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.

YALE

EUROPE:
THE WORLD'S BANKER 1870-1914
By Herbert Feis

Mr. Feis has written a unique and ground-breaking history of European finance and its political implications — one of the most revealing chapters in the story of war origins.

"A book which makes biographies seem thin and political histories incomplete." *Outlook and Independent*

"No student of world finance or politics can afford to neglect this important work." *New York Herald-Tribune*

Price $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

Catherine Carswell's
The Life of
ROBERT BURNS

The book that is causing a furor in England, that **Rebecca West** calls "an admirable work, such as should evoke respect rather than rage," that the **N. Y. Times** reviewed as "a more than usually notable biography in a period when biography is notably to the fore."

$3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue New York

REBECCA
WEST

"One of the three most brilliant women in England" makes astute and trenchant observations on current drama, letters and art.
$2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

ENDING
IN
EARNEST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern Utopias

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE quest for Utopia is old and blood-stained. The modern world is privileged to witness three social experiments—Americanism, Communism, and Fascism—all of which lead to pretty much the same end. The panaceas of individualistic collectivism, of proletarian dictatorship, and of authoritarian syndicalism are put up in differently colored bottles, but they taste remarkably alike. A malcontent can get his skull cracked by the police in Moscow, Milan or Manhattan, and the Commissar, the Duce and the Millionaire work late and live frugally in order to keep things on an even keel. In the American Millennium there are five or ten million unemployed and the farmers riot for food. In Fascist Italy, there are prisons and punitive expedition. In the Communist Utopia there is the Ogpu and the road to Siberia. In each government there is a bitter struggle for power, a clash of ideas within the rigid dogmas of the Federal Constitution, the writings of Marx and Lenin, and the views of the Fascist Grand Council, and each system claims for itself world-wide validity.

The literature of these movements is voluminous and some of it is interesting. Professor Jerome Davis has compiled a tome of 900-odd pages on *Contemporary Social Movements* (Century), which gives documentation to the whole field, Americanism excepted, from the viewpoint of a scientific sociologist. Charles A. Beard and William Beard have produced over 800 pages more in *The American Leviathan: The Republic in the Machine Age* (Macmillan), a sardonic description of "government by consent of the governed" in the days of the "Power Trust" and the mimeograph. Particularly pleasing is the account of how American business has pushed the government into business paternalism, under the cry of "less government in business." *The American Leviathan* is one of those books which better repays desultory indulgence than cover-to-cover perusal. A footnote to the Beards' book is Alfred Lief's collection of *The Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis* (Vanguard Press), with an introduction by Professor Charles A. Beard. The opinions, dissenting and otherwise, of the Supreme Court's most conspicuous liberal lend peculiar poignancy to the note of dissatisfaction and criticism which is disturbing the triumphant worship of things as they are. That this note of dissent is already driving the government into socialistic experiments is borne out by Messrs. E. A. Stokdyk and Charles H. West's *The Farm Board* (Macmillan), an account of the noble experiment to regulate the price of wheat and cotton.

For the scandal of over-production in the American Utopia is becoming too serious to be ignored. When the farmers, the most individualistic of our people, demand what is tantamount to economic Bolshevism, and when they get $500,000,000 to help them get it, then indeed the old grey mare of the Federal Constitution ain't what she used to be. Scoville Hamlin has edited a symposium on *The Menace of Overproduction: Its Cause, Extent and Cure* (John Wiley), in which seventeen leaders of industry, including Sir Henri Deterding, present views which lead the editor to the revolutionary proposal that the maintenance of labor is part of the normal overhead of industry, and that profits shall be reckoned on the assumption that labor itself is an investment.

Calvin B. Hoover's *The Economic Life of Soviet Russia* (Macmillan) is the best recent criticism of the Soviet economy. Antiseptically descriptive in tone, the author's own views are hostile to Sovietism because of its apparent failure to take account of human nature. He concludes, however, that a Soviet success would convert half America:

"If the present crisis is passed, the Soviet Union, within a decade, will be in a position to offer a standard of living which will compare favorably with that of the more poorly paid manual workers in capitalistic countries. Unless in the meantime Capitalism has notably improved its technique of marketing and distribution, so that under-consumption and unemployment can be prevented, and unless the standard of living of such workers in the capitalistic world shall have been materially raised, the World Revolution will begin to make rapid strides."

Other books on Russia—such as Emile Burns' *Russia's Productive System* (Dutton) and Arthur Feiler's *The Russian Experiment* (Harcourt, Brace), translated by H. J. Stenning—no longer pretend that Soviet economics can be discounted and ignored.

Hence it is that the present age represents a race between Utopias, between Henry Ford and Karl Marx, between the Installment Plan and the Five-Year Plan. May the best plan win!

JOHN CARTER.

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

IT IS a couple of months since the Columbia Company brought out their admirable and interesting Spanish Album[1] containing five twelve-inch disks, including symphonic works by de Falla, Bretón, Albeniz and Turina. I don't imagine that the set they finally sent me is the last in stock, so I would advise anybody who wishes a finely recorded set of representative and highly nationalistic character (in spite of the obvious French influence on de Falla and Albeniz particularly) to give it a careful hearing. The orchestras are that of the *Theatre Royal de la Monnaie,* of Brussels, under M. Maurice Bustin, playing dances from *La Vida Breve* of de Falla, and the Madrid Symphony Orchestra playing the others, conducted by the competent Señor Enrique Fernandez Arbos.

One of Italy's greatest composer's greatest works, Verdi's *Requiem Mass*[2], is now issued by Victor on ten glorious records in their Masterpiece Series. The artists are the orchestra and chorus of *La Scala,* in Milan, and the soloists include Fanelli, Cattaneo, Lo Giudice and Pinza. The whole work is brilliantly conducted by Carlo Sabajno. It is an impressive testimony to the initiative of the Victor Company in bringing out such a formidable composition complete, a great artistic achievement on the part of the performers, and the assumption that there will be a market for it is a handsome and unexpected compliment to the discrimination of the record buying public.

Chamber music lovers will assuredly be pleased at the appearance of the Mozart *Quintet in G Minor* (K.516) in a Columbia Masterworks Album[3]. The Léner String Quartet and L. d'Oliviera, on the spare viola, play it with all the necessary delicacy, precision and sparkle.

Even if you are so unfortunate as not to be able to get to see *Private Lives,* Noel Coward's new play (see dramatic department of this issue), there is some consolation to be found in the fact that a delightful recording of two scenes from it played by Mr. Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence is available at the importers'[4]. Don't think of missing it. It is unique and utterly charming. They talk Mr. Coward's inimitable dialogue and sing his and other people's songs in most disarming fashion.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Masterworks Album, No. 146.
2. Victor Masterpieces, No. 96.
3. Columbia Masterworks Album, No. 150.
4. H. M. V., C. 2043.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

"Cimarron"

EDNA FERBER'S story of the settling of Oklahoma has been done into an exciting and completely satisfying film. Under Wesley Ruggles' vigorous direction the flamboyant Yancy Cravat and his wife Sabra come to life as characters seldom do on the screen. Certainly *Cimarron* is at once the finest and at the same time the most thrilling film yet made about the settling of the west. Miss Ferber starts her people many years after the first pioneering expeditions recorded in the *Covered Wagon*. Her opening incident is the land rush into the Oklahoma territory, when thousands of men with horses, wagons, buggies and coaches raced across the plains to stake out homesteads. During the two hours the picture lasts the barren prairie slowly turns into a modern city of 1929.

But infinitely more interesting are Yancy (Richard Dix) and Sabra (Irene Dunne), who move through this pioneer world. To those who have until now thought of Richard Dix as merely another beaming movie actor, it should be said that he has at last found something he can do perfectly and convincingly. Mr. Ruggles has done very well indeed by Miss Ferber, much of his dialogue coming direct from the novel. It is a fact which few people in Hollywood appear to realize—that novels are so similar to motion pictures in form that the transfer is accomplished with much less loss than from the stage. *Cimarron* is strong stuff—simple, honest, and direct in the telling—but endowed with a tang and gusto which have somehow gone out of the world in which we live today. "In those days there were giants." Take Yancy, who shoots from the hip and unfailingly gets his man at twenty yards; Yancy who preaches the first sermon in Osage in the gambling tent under the painting of an opulent nude; Yancy who bubbles with classical quotations and runs his newspaper with an iron hand until civilization bores him; Yancy who returns suddenly in a Spanish war uniform to plead the case of Dixie Lee, "that disreputable woman," whom Sabra was trying to run out of town; and Yancy who dies smothering a charge of dynamite in a muddy oil field. Irene Dunne does admirably as Sabra, and Estelle Taylor makes a fine Dixie Lee. As Jess Rickey, the stuttering printer, Roscoe Ates is often amusing.

By CREIGHTON PEET

After two years of effort Radio Pictures has finally made a film which can be put down as one of the "best" of this and many other seasons.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Again poor old Emil Jannings has blonde trouble . . . . this time Marlene Dietrich.

The Criminal Code: Excellent reproduction of Martin Flavin's play about penitentiary life.

Illicit: The lady says marriage ends romance; the gentleman favors a wedding. A serious but not too heavy discussion.

Laughter: Gay nonsense by Donald Ogden Stewart.

Little Caesar: Top notch gang story with Edward G. Robinson shooting the works.

Reaching for the Moon: Doug Fairbanks in modern clothes, and a few barroom jokes.

The Right to Love: Ruth Chatterton in an interesting and unusual story.

The Royal Family: Wild amusement at the expense of the Barrymore family. Frederic March is grand.

Tom Sawyer: Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin in Mark Twain's story.

Morocco: Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou go down to Africa "to forget."

Paid: Joan Crawford in something for ladies who cry easily. Known on the stage as **Within the Law.**

Min and Bill: Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a more or less serious waterfront drama.

"Resurrection"

Some day our patriotic societies are going to awaken with a start to discover that the best-known story in America is not how Washington crossed the Delaware or how Paul Revere made his famous ride—but Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. The present version, with John Bloe and Lupe Velez, is the fourth, and, as far as this reviewer is concerned, it is the last. In 1918 it was made with Pauline Frederick, and in 1927 with Dolores Del Rio. There is no record of the first edition. Director Edwin Carewe, who made the Dolores Del Rio film, has again chosen a little Mexican girl to portray Tolstoy's servant girl who is seduced by the swaggering son of the house, and then kicked out to suffer by his heartless aunts. There are moments when Miss Velez does nicely, but all too often she is her old cute self, twitching and winking and giggling. As for John Boles, I am afraid he will never be an adequate actor.

"Finn and Hattie"

If Little Mildred—Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart's own Little Mildred who accompanied her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haddock, on a trip to Paris, France—means anything to you, you will of course see *Finn and Hattie*. Little Mildred is played by Mitzi Green, who is about as convulsing an *enfant terrible* as you could ask for. Her victim on this occasion is Jackie Searl, and her parents are Leon Errol and Zasu Pitts. Mr. Stewart's book has been cut pretty freely, but I suppose you can ask for too much. The fact remains that *Finn and Hattie* is uproarious comedy whenever Mitzi Green is around.

Radio Pictures

GOING TO PRESS IN THE 90's

Irene Dunne as Sabra and Roscoe Ates as the printer in the film version of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

IT IS difficult indeed to write with one's accustomed restraint (keeping the high hat on at the proper angle) when confronted with something as utterly delightful as *Private Lives,* Noel Coward's latest play, in which he and Miss Gertrude Lawrence are currently appearing. Undoubtedly you will be told frequently that there's nothing to it—that Miss Lawrence's and Mr. Coward's acting, and that of Miss Jill Esmond and Mr. Laurence Olivier, just hypnotize you into thinking there's a play there. Don't believe a word of it. The acting is as nearly perfect as it has been my fortune to see in this type of farce comedy, but the best actors in the world cannot give such a performance unless they have something to work with and unless the direction is sensitive, resourceful, ingenious and intelligent in proportion. Conversely, it is true that a good play requires good acting—a fact that is too often lost sight of. *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are actor proof. You can play them anywhere and with any cast; they have something of wide appeal in them that will not be downed, but they are not plays in the fullest sense of the term. *Private Lives* requires the direction and acting it gets, but all I'm clumsily trying to say is that for that very reason Mr. Coward is to be triply congratulated—as author, actor and director—for having achieved a perfect fusion, largely by his own efforts, of the three chief essentials of theatrical art.

Private Lives shows Mr. Coward, as an author, to have an uncommonly fine eye and ear for humorous, farcical if you like, situations and lines which are nevertheless amazingly true to life at the same time. In *Canaries Sometimes Sing* Frederick Lonsdale limited himself to four characters, but never stinted himself as to smart sayings which could be quoted outside of their context. The changes he rung on his situations one felt were occasioned by his having exhausted one and saying to himself, "Heigh ho, that's all there is in that. Now, what's the smart thing to do next?" Noel Coward, on the other hand, in *Private Lives* takes two couples on their simultaneous honeymoons, one lady and one gentleman having been previously married to and divorced from each other, and works as many twists in plot as did Lonsdale, but contrives to impart a verisimilitude and sparkle that the latter quite lacked. To show that I haven't lost *all* sense of proportion about the thing, may I say that even I noticed that the ending is artificial, but I am quite willing to believe that Mr. Coward could have gone on and on, being just as witty, but he was simply accepting the conventions of the stage and putting a stop to his fun in time for commuters and thirsty town dwellers.

Recommended Current Shows

Civic Repertory: Always interesting and intelligent.
Elizabeth the Queen: Chiefly distinguished by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
Fine and Dandy: Silliness set to music with Joe Cook antics.
Five Star Final: Virulent attack on tabloids which is an exciting play as well.
Girl Crazy: Trick Gershwin songs well done.
Grand Hotel: It isn't *that* good, but the acting's superlative.
Mrs. Moonlight: For the sentimental.
Oh, Promise Me: The authors show how funny breach-of-promise and tabloids can be.
Once in a Lifetime: Kidding Hollywood.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's idea of Chicago—including some lovely satiric laughs.
Philip Goes Forth: George Kelly comedy of character. Moral: don't write plays.
Sweet and Low: Good high priced vaudeville.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's latest, perhaps best, beautifully performed.
Vinegar Tree: Not too unkind laughter at the expense of a middle-aged lady moron.

Apart from Noel Coward's preponderant part in the proceedings, *Private Lives* is noteworthy for the brilliance and charm of Miss Gertrude Lawrence's acting. On previous occasions she has seemed to me to be only one of these striking personalities with little technical ability—like Hope Williams or Primo Carnera, for example. Well, it is impossible to leave Mr. Coward out of this part of the discussion either, for it is obviously due to his virtuosity and patience as a director that Miss Lawrence has shed all of her coy mannerisms and is now an actress.

The other two important openings of the week, *Green Grow the Lilacs* and *Camille,* were, unfortunately, not distinguished by the perfect fusion of their elements which marked *Private Lives. Green Grow the Lilacs,* the Guild's offering, is the work of one Lynn Riggs, a young native of the Oklahoma which he depicts while it was still Indian Territory. As a play it is sprawling and diffuse, but please do not take that as adverse criticism *per se.* The well-made play formula has worn tiresome long ago. It is only that in the absence of a clear-cut plot it would seem that a definite theme should be present and a mood or atmosphere established. This Mr. Riggs, the actors, and Mr. Herbert Biberman, the director, conspicuously have not achieved. We are assured that the cowboys and girls who come out before a drop and sing and dance cowboy songs while the scenes are shifted are genuine. They probably are and their very genuineness makes Franchot Tone and June Walker seem more Broadway than they otherwise would. *Green Grow the Lilacs* ends up by being just a lot of character parts played with varying skill—notably well by Helen Westley and Ruth Chorpenning, who was so good in *Red Rust.* Praise should be reserved for Raymond Sovey's settings. By showing the huts in cross section against a background of the outdoor plains, he makes us feel that the characters are living in the great open spaces, if the phrase is pardonable, and not just in the little dwellings.

Camille, as played by Eva Le Gallienne, is definitely something to be seen, even though the acting of her company is rather uneven. Dated though the grand old play of Alexandre Dumas, *Fils,* may be as to the situation about which it all revolves, there is a great deal of heartfelt, universally touching emotion that transpires nevertheless. Miss Le Gallienne never quite seems really to get under the skin of the character of Marguerite Gautier, and it is a little difficult to believe that she could have quite such a grand passion for the Armand Duval of Morgan Farley, although his infatuation for the Lady of the Camelias is easy to understand. Her Marguerite would surely simply have spanked his Armand and sent him to bed without his supper. In the famous death scene, however, we—even in this materialistic age—are nearly as sorry for her as she is for herself. With the exception of Jo Mielziner's *Anatol,* you cannot find lovelier settings and costumes than Aline Bernstein has designed for this *Camille.* Against the scenes, which are simply "flats" against black velvet drapes, all of Miss Le Gallienne's entrances are of breath-taking beauty, and Josephine Hutchinson as Nichette is no chore to contemplate, either.

Pirandello's "Am I or Is It?" is with us again. This time it is called *As You Desire Me,* and Mr. Lee Shubert has given it a production unequaled in ineptitude and bad taste since what he did to *Death Takes a Holiday* last year. If this should be read by the ladies who walked out from the front row center early in the first act when it was remarked that both Carl Salter and his daughter were perversely in love with The Unknown One, I would like to inform them that nothing more was done with *that* pleasant little *motif.* They may be relieved too, however, to hear that the acting seemed, if possible, to get worse and hammier as the evening wore on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

THE radio announcers roar; their voices penetrate the floor. They seep through walls, and in my bed, their overcultured, underbred and florid periods still pursue. By gosh, I don't know what to do! Why must we suffer this infliction of purified and *re*fined diction? These oratorical undertakers turn all my sound teeth into achers, as they preside, with mellow moans and calculated overtones, at obsequies on compositions just executed by musicians. For speech precisely incorreck they draw a good-sized weekly check. And who today among us can gauge the harm they do the English language? They wish to bring, I am aware, their personality to bear,—to get it over. And it's true, that is exactly what they do. But why take pains to get across something that is a total loss? Why frame in gilt and gorgeousness a portrait that is featureless? Languid or breezy, sad or cheery, they make me sick—they make me weary.

. . . . .

BUT say; look here! What's the idea of letting us write all this column ourself. You fellows sit around and snicker and look superior, and you can write just as rotten stuff as we can. All you need is an old envelope and a pencil stub. You've probably got plenty of both, now you've stopped using them up figuring stock losses. If you haven't, drop us a line and we'll send you a pencil. Or go out and buy one. Do a little something to help industry get back on its feet. Pretty soon one pencil mfr. will notice that you've bought a pencil and he'll say to another pencil mfr.: "Gee, things are beginning to open up!" And the second fellow will tell a cotton man, and *he'll* tell a couple of bankers at the club, and pretty soon Andy Mellon and Charlie Schwab will be talking about it, and then the depression will be over. All big movements get started from just such little beginnings as that. Look what started the Renaissance. Oh, shucks, *we* don't know what started it. We just used it as an example. Probably a couple of fellows got together at the Ad Club and said: "Let's have a Renaissance." But that's not what we're talking about. We want you to give us a hand. If you don't, we shall fill this column with the worse verses we can write. And we can write pretty bad ones.

We can write poems
That will drive you screaming from your hoems.

We can write verses
That'll make you turn for distraction to something of James Jerce's,

And lyrics
That'll give you earics,

And lullabies
That are like crippled caterpillars that can never, never become bullaflies.

In fact, we *like* to write the kind of pastoral
That is almost as unpleasant to take as castoral.

And as for sonnets—baby!
Don't goad us into it or you'll regret it and we don't mean mayby!

. . . . .

We heard the other day about the man at the radio studio who is an expert on kisses and growls. He doesn't belong to the musicians' union because the noises he makes aren't produced rhythmically, but he's an artist just the same, and has his score which he follows until the proper moment arrives. Then he steps forward to the microphone and delicately kisses the back of his hand. The ordinary kiss, it appears, if delivered by the untrained (microphonically speaking) actors, would sound to the listeners more like an explosion in a fireworks factory than a kiss. Hence our specialist, who has studied kissing acoustically. Also growling, which comes under the same classification. He is faithful Fido, who growls so realistically in the radio sketch when the villain refuses to unhand the maiden. It seems to us that it might be rather serious if he got his two talents mixed up. Probably that's the reason he doesn't do more things—he'd get confused and growl when the heroine sighed "I love you, Jacob." Not that we'd blame him for growling. We growl continuously through practically all radio programs.

There's another gentleman we heard about, who when a Venetian sketch was being put on, came in with a baby's bathtub half full of water and a small paddle, solemnly took his place near the microphone, and paddled his way through a forty-five-minute program. This radio gondolier had put on a full dress suit for the occasion, perhaps for the purpose of feeling himself thoroughly in the mood of gay Venetian revelry. Or possibly he felt that he owed something to the dignity of a profession which had only one practitioner in the country.

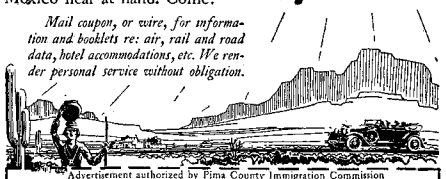
WALTER R. BROOKS.

RIDE trails of never-ending sunshine

Out on the desert, the world is your bridle path... far horizons your goal. You ride on and on in the warmth of the soft bracing Tucson sunshine.

Come for a few days, a month or longer. A vacation here is not expensive. Golf, tennis and other privileges are gladly extended to visitors. Then there's hunting, fishing, tours to historic ruins, Indian villages and gay Mexico near at hand. Come!

Mail coupon, or wire, for information and booklets re: air, rail and road data, hotel accommodations, etc. We render personal service without obligation.



Advertisement authorized by Pima County Immigration Commission

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA
1001-G Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"
Name_____
Address_____

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL
School of Nursing
Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course-monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information

AROUND COOL SOUTH AMERICA THIS SUMMER — $800
This untrodden continent awaits you. Pleasure. Culture. Economy. 9000 miles sea travel. 1300 miles rail deluxe. 19 colorful cities. Two glorious months. All inclusive. Write for Folder U.
1st Class THRUOUT
PACIFIC ERA TRAVELS, INC.
307 Crary Bldg., Seattle 112 E. 19th St., New York

ATHEISM
Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism.
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

HOLY LAND
Personally Conducted, from $695
Enjoyable • Inspirational • Intelligently Planned Experienced Leadership • Congenial Personnel
Send for FREE descriptive booklets.
"Travel Free From Worry"
THE WICKER TOURS, Richmond, Virginia
Personally Conducted, from $395
EUROPE

SEE ASIA WITH UPTON CLOSE THIS SUMMER

Visit Asia's wonders. Meet its great personalities. "The most glorious experience of my life," say 300 expeditionists. 11 weeks. Student class, $520. All inclusive. Our 5th year. Write for Folder O.
11 WEEKS $1385 DE LUXE THRU OUT EMPRESS LINERS
PACIFIC ERA TRAVELS, INC.
307 Crary Bldg., Seattle 112 E. 19th St., New York

SEE EUROPE ALL EXPENSES $475
$475 pays all expenses on sea and land to visit Scotland, England, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, France. Write for booklet describing this and other sensational travel values.
951 Straus Building, Chicago, Illinois
Mentor Tours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Zorachs

By ARTHUR STRAWN

THE Zorachs furnish one of those rare examples of a household in which both husband and wife are artists. They still live in the house where they first began housekeeping eighteen years ago. It is a little red brick house, of the type once so characteristic of Greenwich Village, but now giving way to the newer apartments. Behind the painted glass window of a store front on the ground floor William Zorach has his studio. There he chisels his figures out of marble and stone and shapes huge chunks of mahogany into objects of art. Marguerite Zorach has her studio on the floor above. When she isn't painting she is to be found hard at work on one of her embroidered tapestries for which she has become justly celebrated.

That they have been able to achieve success as artists is witnessed by the fact that examples of their work are to be found in such galleries as the Metropolitan, Cleveland, Newark and Los Angeles Museums, in addition to a number of private collections. And, refuting the popular misconception of the artistic temperament, they have not only pursued a fruitful career in art, but have at the same time achieved a healthful home life, raising a son and a daughter—not to mention a magnificent Persian cat that regally condescends to pose, first for one of Mrs. Zorach's pictures, and then for one of William Zorach's chiselings in granite.

Although of widely different backgrounds, the Zorachs for that very reason might be said to be typically American. Zorach, born in Lithuania forty-two years ago, was brought here by his immigrant parents when he was an infant of three. They settled in Ohio, and when William was twelve he was already earning his living in Cleveland working in a lithograph plant. He became an apprentice, learned the art of the lithographer, began to attend the Cleveland Art School at night, and after several years of frugal saving found himself an art student in Paris, studying painting. It was in a Paris studio that William Zorach first met Marguerite Thompson, his future wife. She, too, had reached the French art center by an equally devious route. She was born in New England, her grandfather a New Bedford whaling captain and her father an adventuresome lawyer who moved to Colorado when Leadville was a-booming, and thence to California, where Marguerite was born. The young girl's talent for drawing had been recognized by an aunt, who was also an artist and had gone to Paris to live. Marguerite received an invitation to pay her a visit and to study in one of the Parisian academies.

In 1912 Zorach and Marguerite Thompson met again in New York and were married. They have made their home in the Village ever since, except for the summers which they spend on their farm on the coast of Maine. Both of them began their careers as painters, but oddly enough each is also winning distinction in another field of art. As recently as 1922 Zorach did his first sculptural work. He made some wood carvings and for the first time realized that his most satisfying avenue of expression was through sculpture. Like the great sculptors of antiquity he chips his statues out of the stubborn material, eschewing the more common and speedier method of having a clay model executed by stone-cutters. His "Mother and Child," a life-size group cut from a two-ton block of Spanish marble, cost him three years of concentrated labor before he was ready to place it on exhibition.

"Time," says Zorach, "should mean nothing to the artist. The main thing is for him to realize his conception, regardless of how long it may take him."

WHILE Zorach makes occasional excursions into water-color painting, Mrs. Zorach likewise combines painting in oils with her embroideries. Evidently she, too, believes that the artist should work without regard for time, for her embroideries require two and three years each before completion. Her embroideries are a remarkable and highly individual form which represent a fine fusion of art and craft. They might be called paintings in cloth. Irish linen is used instead of canvas; and wool thread, dyed by herself, replaces paint. As though she were making one of her paintings she creates a design, sketches it lightly on the linen, and then begins the long task of executing the details. One enthusiastic critic has declared that Marguerite Zorach's embroidered tapestries achieve artistic effects unequalled since the fifteenth century, when Gothic tapestry weaving was at its height.

A unique collaboration this of the Zorachs. By so productively living a life devoted to their art they incidentally reveal no little genius in the art of living.

Oil Hells in Oklahoma

(Continued from Page 217)

Mary's No. 1—there are six other producers on the farm now—came in as a gas well first. It came in at daylight. It and dawn came up like thunder. Everything was peaceful one moment, with the tools down 6,450 feet. The next moment, with very little warning indeed, four tons of drilling pipe were sailing toward the sky, and Wild Mary was blowing gas at a rate of 75,000,000 cubic feet a day. For two hours the gas roared colorless toward the sky. Then, as the sand was eaten away more than a mile underfoot, a golden tint touched the derrick top. By the next morning that tint had changed to an oil torrent, and roads leading to the field were so jammed with cars you had to drive in the ditch to get there. By that time a howling black geyser was blowing 100 to 300 feet over the top of the 120 foot derrick and was being sprayed by a north wind all the way to Norman and the State University eleven miles distant.

Where oil men gather there is vehement discussion today whether Wild Mary was wilder than Stout Fella. You can have your choice. At least, Oklahoma City first learned about oil wells from Mary. The tricks learned in April were to help in October. The oil-drenched drillers tried to shut their gates in April and saw them gnawed to shreds by the sand blast. An epic battle of the oil country began. One that lasted exactly a week longer than the fight to control Stout Fella within the city limits six months later.

Wild Mary was a Kinter No. 1, with plenty added, and by the third day she was blowing 200 cubic feet of inflammable gas a day and 48,000 barrels of oil, causing such a fire hazard around the landscape that 150 drilling wells had to be shut down. Wild Mary was the first really dangerous well of the field. Fortunately, Mary happened seven miles south in the field, far from town.

The only hope of controlling this volcanic eruption was to lower a cap over the well head, a huge bell-shaped device weighing 3,000 pounds. It took eleven days to do that, and before the job was completed an expert had to be rushed by air from Mexico.

The army of 200 oil men who struggled to control what they had unloosed worked under a sickening black cloudburst. Compared with that ceaseless downpour of oil the Biblical forty days and nights of simple rain would have been blessed relief. This was Niagara and Vesuvius combined. As far as the eye could see the green world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned black. Over the land for miles rolled a yellow, malignant fog. Fire engines from the city rushed along country roads. No man could light a match and iron chains were laid down as carefully as any baby was ever laid in blankets. One spark of metal against metal could cause an explosion that would kill hundreds and that might, even at that distance, destroy the city itself. There was a spectral gloom over the prairie, and men grew deaf from the roar, and the oil took the skin from the soles of their feet. This was hell, no less, and men with visors pulled down over their faces toiled hopelessly. These men had gone back a million years and were fighting nature in her youth. This was a scene from before history, and only three or four minutes could a modern man live up close to it. A few minutes of battle and he would be back behind the twenty-foot-high mound of earth, thrown up as a safety wall, gasping for breath.

THUS the threat to Oklahoma City is a very real one. The authorities have fought desperately to stay the steady advance of the derricks, but they are fighting against greed and a mad vision of wealth. Tricked by fate from their natural share in the field outside the city, home owners dream at night of gushers on their front lawns. When the City Zoning Commission definitely draws a line, some schoolhouse fills up with protesting citizens, their faces inflamed, their voices hoarse with their right to take what fate offers. So, the derricks slowly march closer, even with drillers being compelled to post $200,000 bond per well against property damage and being warned of police action if they disturb the city's sleep, and being threatened by state authorities with confiscation under the state fire laws.

The greatest threat, by another trick of fate, has come not at the edge of the city, but at what might be called its very heart, on an undeveloped 104-acre tract stretching southwest from the new State Capitol and dividing the best residential parts of the city in half. To save taxes, the owner, W. F. Harn, a gruff '89er, refused for years to divide his property into lots and allow it to be taken into the city. The city grew up all around. When oil was discovered, Harn leased this tract to Wirt Franklin, also a resident of the city and president of the Independent Petroleum Producers Association, and who, as mentioned before, had just finished drilling a dry hole north of town.

The city, facing possibility of seeing its State Capitol covered black with oil and one of its best regions turned into a

(Please Turn to the Following Page)

▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*Luck*

WHEN he came back after eating his lunch he could see they were still at it. Luck! It was wonderful how people believed in it. He stopped for a minute before getting on to work and watched them.

There was only one rake and they handed it around good-naturedly among themselves, taking turns at it. But those without the rake were not content to be idle. They dropped to their hands and knees and crawled intently over the ground, brushing the grass carefully, raking it with their fingers, patting it with open palms. How hard they worked, he thought, and grinned as he watched.

The sun was hot and the Fair Grounds flat and breathless. Further off were trees, but it was near here that the lady had parked her car and there was not a morsel of shade in sight. She had left the car and walked over to the dog races and she was sure she had the pin then. She even put up her hand—so everyone told everybody else—to make sure it was safe. After the races she had walked back to her car. But of course there was a big crowd then. Maybe somebody had snatched it from her—a big stick of diamonds like that where everybody could see it. Maybe she hadn't dropped it at all. And maybe (if the pin had ever been lost in the beginning) some crook had found it and made up his mind he'd rather have the diamonds than the reward.

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders and moved off slowly, looking back once in a while at the treasure hunters and laughing. Funny? He'd tell the world it was funny. Why if you should ask any one of those fellows back there to work as hard as that, and tell 'em maybe they'd get paid and maybe they wouldn't, they'd lock you up somewhere for crazy.

All afternoon he went on thinking about it, every once in a while throwing back his head to laugh out loud. Five hundred dollars reward, and a whole crowd of guys running around in the sun working themselves to death, looking for something that probably wasn't there in the first place. He'd rather work at something steady, he told himself—as he went on following up wires and testing out lights—and have the satisfaction of knowing what it was all about. He guessed the rest of the world wasn't made that way. They'd rather trust to luck. There was something about it seemed to fascinate 'em, like a snake. Why, everybody at the Fair was doing it, one way or another. Gambling on luck. The whole world, he thought, (squinting at the lights, working fondly on the wires) was crazy; except for electricity. He was glad he was an electrician—even if he held his job right now because a lot of luck-shooters wanted bright lights at a Fair.

When he went to get his supper he noticed they were still at it. They had more rakes now and seemed to be getting sort of exhausted, now that dark was coming on. Well, he'd give 'em all the light he could.

During the evening he didn't have much time to think about the search. But the crowds thinned out after a while and along about midnight he began to think of going home himself. He thought he'd stop around, he told himself, for one good laugh before he quit. He'd see how those hard-working guys were getting on.

When he reached the parking grounds it was plain that the searchers were slowly giving up. A few of the rakes were lying idly on the ground. The others, in the hands of depressed looking sleep-walkers, moved slowly back and forth.

As he looked at the fallen rakes, the young electrician felt a strange tingling in his hands. He started to laugh derisively, but it turned into a strange uncertain sound. He felt he had to get his hands upon a rake. He tried to turn away—and turned back again.

"Oh, well!" he said with a certain show of bravado, and stooping grabbed a rake. "I'll give her one try!" he said. And laughed.

He raked once and stooped to gather up the grass. Something was caught on the teeth of the rake. Something hard and glittering.

The young electrician felt suddenly weak in the pit of his stomach. His throat contracted and his mouth was dry. He straightened up and opened out his hand. There—in the uncertain light of a few electric bulbs—blazed and flashed and sparkled a diamond pin.

The next day the assistant electrician received a check which doubled the original reward. A respectful world of newspapers begged him, what had he to say?

"Nothing," said the young electrician, with his eyes still blinking. "Nothing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rutted, roaring camp, took frantic action. It rushed the Harn tract into the municipal limits, and refused Franklin a drilling permit. Franklin filed suit in federal court for an injunction to restrain the city from what he called confiscation. The case is pending before the United States Supreme Court.

If oil is ever found on the Harn tract, a half of Oklahoma City will be ruined. It will become a mining camp while production holds, and will be only a burnt place on the hills afterward, for where oil has been little ever grows again. The city may be saved as Lincoln Park, its chief retreat, was saved. Money being what it is, the city leased the park northeast of town and sadly faced the prospect of having its only place of trees and water changed into a wasteland. The test well came in dry a few months ago.

Should oil actually ruin a part of Oklahoma City, there would be some bit of a silver lining to ameliorate the gloom. Out of the shock might come a welcome shift and that grand little metropolis of the blackjack country could yet realize its high destiny.

Oklahoma City is only forty-one years old. It started its real growth only ten years ago. A new city, sprung up by magic in an already ageing America, it has the chance to become something that most American cities will never be.

It has been given opportunity to profit by the mistakes made all around it, to build a new municipal philosophy, to shape itself according to an idealistic vision of what a great American city should become. Founded by pioneers who dreamed of a fresh start, launched under a thousand miles of virgin sky, it, too, could have its seven hills and its own tradition. Instead, too busy growing to develop any ritual of growth, it has given itself to the tawdry, tin-templed opportunism of New York, Los Angeles and Chicago. Destined to be an example, it has been satisfied to be a replica.

Set down in the middle of open country, with more land than London, it built unnecessary skyscrapers and then had to cut down its treasured green trees and widen bald streets to get the flow of traffic into a congested bright little Main Street. Capital of a state where the sun is hot and the summers long, it erected proudly acre after acre of stuffy brick-veneered homes, patterned after the Italian, the Spanish, the English and no architect knows what, but characterized chiefly by lack of broad porches on which its people might take comfortable ease. It might have trees along every street, including Main Street. It might build itself around graceful parks. It might achieve vistas and reaches of beauty, green gardens against low white stone. It might do so many things which, even better than the excellent schools it has built, would teach its children the dignity of life, the grace of beauty, the charm of place.

It has done too few of these things. It has been busy swallowing almost every metropolitan quackery from the credo that realtors are æsthetes who will build a town as efficiently as they build their own bank accounts to the naïve belief that a city manager form of government in some subtle way proves local competence and sagacity. From steel acromania to patented traffic lamps it has swallowed the credenda nearly whole. And that is tragedy, for this pioneer people, bold and resourceful and original in everything else, the last of their kind, more American than America itself, have it in them to do better.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of February 7, 1951

A representative of the Cleveland Art Museum paid $59,000 at auction last week for the original film which shows Anna Pavlowa dancing "The Dying Swan."

The Premier of Italy made public his instructions to the Italian Ambassador at Washington to labor unceasingly to prevent the continued influx of the "hordes of Nordics which are overrunning the fatherland."

California Grape Growers, Inc., anticipate a serious reduction in profits this year because of the recent Colorado landslide which destroyed several miles of grape juice pipe line.

The Farmers' Friend

(Continued from Page 220)

who proposed a pooling of all purchases for this government and our allies in the War. Though this step saved millions of dollars, it naturally enraged every contractor who had raw materials as well as fabricated goods to sell to the score or more departments and governments that had hitherto been bidding against one another and thereby increasing prices beyond decent levels. It would be quite unfair to Legge to attribute any of these moves to a prejudice against those who suffered from them, but they serve to show his fundamental philosophy. Moreover, the centralization of the purchasing system was only one of many similar reforms which he accomplished behind the scenes at Washington more than a decade ago. It is testimonial to the impersonal and disinterested nature of the man that, in view of his war-time services, he was comparatively unknown to the general public—though well known to his present enemies—when he was named farm board chairman in July, 1929.

Anecdotes anent his handling of war problems indicate that he has always been an unusual and unconventional individual. It is related that there came to his office one day the ambassador of one of the allied powers that was dependent upon the United States for munitions. Upon this particular nation there had recently befallen a military reverse, and its armies were in full retreat at the time of the conference in Legge's humble office of golden oak furniture. His feet on the desk, Legge listened while the ambassador, surrounded by beribboned and brilliantly-hued attachés, poured forth in voluble and excitable tones his nation's need for guns and shells. At the conclusion Legge allowed as how he didn't know whether he would honor the request or not, and to the ambassador's horrified protests the American replied:

"Before I give you more munitions, I want to know when that damn army of yours is goin' to stop runnin'!"

The historian of the War Industries Board, which has frequently been praised as "the organizer of victory," says of him:

Legge was as good at analyzing problems as at sizing up men. His mind went unerringly to the key of every situation. Not only could he see a problem in its simplest terms, but he had the faculty of stating his views in the clearest and most convincing way.

When he spoke, debate ended. A decision clothed in inevitability, and gently stated, wins willing acquiescence. Such were Legge's decisions—and always impersonal. They were never felt as personal triumphs; they were oracles of the predestined.

The various commissions representing the Allies soon appreciated that it was useless to try to wheedle out of Legge something that was not essential. But when they had a real need, Legge knew it, and they could always count on him to help. Their confidence in his ability to meet their requirements eventually became so sublime as to be almost pathetic.

Legge may fail in his present undertaking—probably will—or, as he says, he "may be kicked out." But it is significant that even the economic tracts of hostile eastern financial institutions, in prognosticating for 1931, concede that if he should fail, it will serve as final notice that agriculture cannot be lifted, even by presidential bootstraps.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and small charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Pennsylvania

IDEAL EASE, Mountainhome, Penna. A modern home for complete rest and comfort. Open the year round. Middle-aged and elderly people especially cared for. Private bath with each bedroom.

Vermont

PAYING GUESTS FALL AND WINTER. Vermont farm, attractive all year climate, excellent table, every modern convenience. Near Troy and Albany. One mile from village, charming home atmosphere. 1401 Outlook and Independent.

Let Us Help You Find the Right Hotel

•

We can give you information on hotels for North, South, East or West, wherever you plan to go, either in America or abroad. Rates, Reservations and complete information. Simply write:

•

Outlook Travel Bureau

HOTELS AND RESORTS

West Virginia

COME to Jefferson County for Washington's Birthday, where he spent his boyhood days. See the homes he built, the cave where he held Masonic meetings, the mantelpiece presented to George Washington by Marquis Lafayette. Stay at MEDIA FARM, famous for its Southern hospitality and meals. Major Marshall MacDonald, Charles Town, W. Va. Telephone 201-12. Telegraph: Western Union. Rates: $15 per week and up.

TOURS AND TRAVEL

EUROPE
SELECT TOURS from $695
Cabin Class Steamship Included
VACATION TOURS from $340
Bermuda-West Indies-Steamship Tickets
Transatlantic Tours
452 Fifth Ave. New York

EUROPE by private automobile, 57 days $720; 46 days $625; 40 days $525. Complimentary trip for securing small group.

Rail tours at moderate cost—54 days $590; 68 days $695. Write for particulars.

ARGONAUT TOURS
551 Fifth Avenue New York

PHYSICIAN (experienced) and wife (nurse), highest personal, professional references, would accompany elderly couple, convalescing patient, south or abroad, for expenses. Address Strong, 16 St. James Place, Brooklyn.

REAL ESTATE

Canada

CANADIAN LANDS
SEIZED AND SOLD FOR TAXES
$ 54 buys 16 acres Summer home site
$ 65 buys 25 acres hunting and fishing camp
$ 112 buys ½ acre island
$ 220 buys 45 acres ¼ mile lake front
$ 342 buys 161 acres sea and lake front
$1440 buys 1000 acres forest estate
Our 14th annual list just issued in the form of a 20-page booklet describes the above and many other choice properties offered at tax sale prices. The amount quoted is the full price asked, perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps where there is real sport. Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario, and the New North; also farms in Ontario, New Brunswick, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Small monthly payments if desired. Don't delay, write to-day for free booklet with full explanation.
TAX SALE SERVICE
Room 617, 72 Queen St., W., Toronto, Canada.

REAL ESTATE

North Carolina

TYRON, Box 576. Attractive housekeeping apartments. Furnace heat. Sunny exposure. Piazza and sleeping porch. Quiet locality. Meals furnished if desired.

New York City

MODERN SCHOOL BUILDING FOR RENTAL. Modern School building erected 1916, in fashionable section. Facilities: 12 large classrooms, auditorium for 500, with equipped stage; gymnasium, shower and locker rooms; kitchen facilities; library, game room; offices, fully equipped as up-to-date school. Located in East Eighties, New York City, convenient transportation; to rent for use as school up to 3:30 p.m. daily. Also opportunity for purchase of building. Apply 703 Outlook and Independent.

BOARD

JUST-A-HOME for tiny tots. Excellent care while parents travel. Protestant. Flora Whitford, 286 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

REFINED CHURCH WOMAN—widowed—desires position as Nurse-Companion. Speaks English, French and German. Can do parish work. References given and required. Address C. W., 301 Outlook and Independent.

TUTOR wishes position. 9610 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION. American woman desires position with elderly lady going abroad. 9620 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—Well-bred woman, graduate nurse, genial, pleasing personality, to man or woman of education and wealth. 9593 Outlook and Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Pencil Biter" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

GRAPHOLOGY

HANDWRITING expertly analyzed, $1.00. Send liberal sample, with remittance. Verax Graphology Service, Box 424, River Edge, N. J.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

CHESS OR CHECKERS
Buy of the manufacturer.
Write for price list.
C. H. Bird, Bethlehem, Conn.

"DELICIOUS" LARGE WHITE EGGS. Sweet flavored. New laid. Family trade N. Y. City and vicinity. Booklet free. SHORE-ACRES EGG FARM, Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y.

BOOKS

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE MOVIES? Accepted any form. Criticism, development, revision, copyright, marketing. Write for free booklet! DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite "O," 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teachings; literature mailed on request. PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

CATALOGUES FREE. FIRST editions, rare books, fine sets, Americana miscellaneous. Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Ave., New York City.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEwhere may be read for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately printed editions and unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, INC., Dept. F 4, 45 W. 45th Street, New York City.

May We Present Your Advertisement in these Columns?

•

Your advertisement placed in these columns will reach our 85,536 alert well-informed subscribers. Outlook assures the advertiser class circulation with real buying power, at a minimum rate. Write:

•

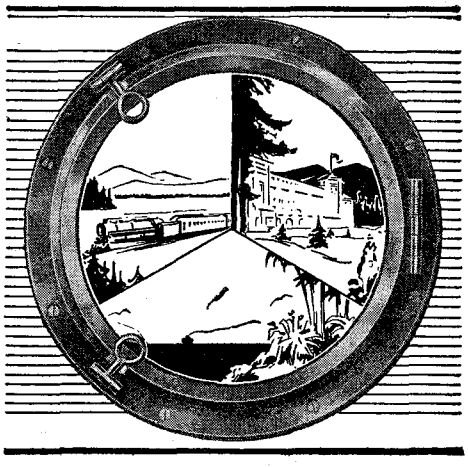
Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

In his own struggle may be found the seed of his human sympathy for the farmer. His parents came to this country from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and took up some cut-over timber land in southern Wisconsin. There he was born in Dane county, not far from Madison, and there he was herding cattle and performing adult chores at the age of eight. When the family moved to Nebraska two years later, he launched into farming and stock-raising on a large tract, and he was kept so busy that he received only three months of formal schooling. This fact alone entitles him to great credit and consideration, in view of the mastery he has achieved of practical business and economics. At twenty-five he became a bill collector for the McCormick Harvester Company at Omaha for $50 a month. In 1922, following several mergers, he was named president of the International Harvester Company, having progressed through almost every office in one or another of the firms included in the incorporation.

It is doubtful if any official at Washington labors longer or harder than this sixty-four-year-old experimenter. A widower and wealthy, work alone seems to satisfy his strong gregarious instinct, but when he plays, it is with men. He has even selected a hotel halfway between his office and the White House so that there will be no lost time or motion in his routine. Out of bed at 7, he is usually the first to show up behind the White House for medicine ball tossing. He returns to his hotel on foot, not owning an automobile, breakfasts, and reaches his office at 8:30. From then until his early bedtime he is on the job, and it won't be his fault if this lonesome and likable boy from the country doesn't make good.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Ice and Snow by Request

For curling . . . that ancient sport . . . for skating, for hockey, ice is the first necessity. ¶ For the Dog-sled Derby, for snowshoeing, for tobogganing, for skiing or skijoring, snow is demanded. ¶ Smooth ice, deep snow, these are bountifully provided by nature in the North. ¶ Toward Lake Placid, Murray Bay, Quebec, a stream of holiday guests from the cities and towns of the warmer clime seek and find the rest of active sport and frosty, exhilarating air. ¶ Write for details or suggestions for winter holidays in either the North, South, East or West, to Mrs. Kirkland, *director:*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 203)

tically as well, to the recent declaration of His Holiness. Marriage, we are convinced, should be chaste. To the achieving of a chaste end, moral means should be adopted. And since, in conscience, we cannot include divorce and birth control among those means, the inference is plain to ourselves . . . .

These are the days of sex, we are told; and complaint runs riot against monogamy. Successive polygamy, legalized or licensed by divorce, is demanded in the name of sex. Overpassing the question that might be raised as to any distinction between such successive polygamy and what is bluntly called bigamy, at least materially so, one might reasonably ask whether the divorcing, self-styled age of sex is really aware of sex?

The monogamist rates woman so highly that he thanks God for the chance to stick to one woman. Acknowledging sex as he does, he would no more think of trying out another half-dozen for a change than he would of guzzling a half-dozen bricks of ice cream. He recognizes sex as a thing of beauty and finds in one woman a joy forever. He knows completion in a single better half and feels no keener delight than when defending the one wild fierce principle that it takes but two halves to make a whole. Divorce for such a man is more than the sundering of what God has joined together; it is the dissevering of himself; it is the admission of failure in the unity of his own existence. Upon the very basis of sex, advanced by the "modern man" as peculiarly his own, the monogamist founds his contention for singleness of choice. He it is who has fully appraised the unexpectedness of womanhood.

Similarly, just as the Catholic sympathizes with the "modern man" in his accentuation of sex while he deplores the "modern" manner of marking the tonic stress, so he agrees with the "modern" revolt against prohibition of things that are intrinsically good or harmless while taking frequent issue with the frequently faulty application of those terms . . . .

Murder he judges reprehensible, because of the murderer's assumption of domain over his victim's natural right to live. And birth control he ranks equally vicious, because of its frustration of the purpose of conjugal acts which of their nature are orientated to a certain end.

As for the social benefits which the modernist can discover only in birth control, the Catholic finds them in less shameful means to an end that is above reproach—in the control of one's passions, for instance, in the medical examination of those about to be married, and in the readjustment of our present lopsided system of distributing the goods of the earth.

That the OUTLOOK should see fit to shrug aside the importance of the Papal pronouncement is regrettable. That the OUTLOOK should view with alarm the Papal appeal to the State, or in other words to the common sense and rational conscience of the people from whom the State draws its being, to assist in checking the evils against the individual, family, and church and State, induced by the wanton liberties of divorce and birth control and legalized free love: this, too, is regrettable; but is also highly amusing. It would appear that the OUTLOOK is taking on the patriotic task of guarding Washington against that campaign tunnel from Vatican City.

There, my dear sir, is the hazard in an editorial shrug. It is a good cloak at times for a multitude of banalities. But more often it is a mantilla on the head of a bull. It may cover the horns, but the bull is always there. And as large and as loud as life.

WALTER G. HUGHES.

Another View

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—I read with great interest your profound study of the Roman Encyclical on birth control, sterilization, euthanasia and companionate marriage. Personally, I think the Pope a bit crude in calling these things forms of murder. However, it seems that there is a possibility that the Catholic Church might change its views, or at least its terminology. I gather this from reading the latest *Commonweal*, a very fine Catholic weekly. It is true that on page 309 the editors state on the subject of this Encyclical that no Catholic could believe that the Church could retreat from a position it once held on a matter of doctrine but it is also a record that on page 328 one of the editors states that the doctrine the Church held in the 13th century is not doctrine today. Indeed he says that on the essentially moral question of "interest on money" any Wall Street broker is a better authority than St. Thomas Aquinas, who is usually called the greatest theologian of the Catholic Church. Assuming that the *Commonweal* personage is an authority, it is evident that if the Church changed its view on the morals of economics it could change them on the morals of racial frustration.

J. L. WILSON.

Brief Catechism

To the Editor: *Jackson, Minn.*

SIR—In line with the questions propounded in your issue of January 14 regarding the poetical efforts of Mr. Coolidge, may I suggest a few questions regarding your editorial on "The Encyclical on Marriage" in the January 21 issue.

Did you ever read the encyclical or did someone tell you about it? What is a "survival of mediaevalism"? It is a thing to be condemned because it survives? Is intelligence amongst English speaking countries something different than in other countries? Does intelligence necessarily imply the use of the English language for its expression? What is the "right use of birth control"? What is the "population problem"? Who discovered birth control? What types of disease, degeneracy, pauperism, and misery does birth control control? Who is going to "suitably regulate" birth control in accordance with the best literal [?] and scientific thought of the day? Where is the ordinary individual who does not take the OUTLOOK to get his outlook on these matters? Does a study of papal encyclicals indicate that the popes have been "out of touch with reality" and don't know what is going on in the world? What practical or "academic" interest does the encyclical hold? How do you know that the Pope's opinion carries no weight with "today's intelligent non-Catholics"?

WALTER HALLORAN, M.D.

Pollyanna Preferred

To the Editor: *Fond du Lac, Wis.*

SIR—There seems to be considerable objections to the cynicism of your magazine of late. Haven't we enough Pollyanna magazines on the newsstands catering to the taste of those who like to think of America as supreme in all things? Those who love to think of Hoover or any man who is President as a paragon of all earthly virtues.

Your articles may not all be entirely truthful and unbiased, but they certainly are not clogged with the sickening, roseate colored ideas that one sees too often in most magazines. Your magazine serves to show the other side of questions that too often are never exposed. If there is anything this country needs it is to face the truth however disagreeable that truth may be.

But people who have an income shrink from the fact that others are starving. It hurts their sensitive souls and so they choose to be blind to the conditions in the world that need real honest discussion. They call everyone who would show them the truth cynics and pessimists.

BETTY CONE.

Red Herring

To the Editor: *Topanga Canyon, Calif.*

SIR— . . . . Such articles ["Red Herring," by Herbert Pell] are pertinent and very long past due in a progressive journal like the OUTLOOK, not forgetting the subtitle, INDEPENDENT. Why not more of them and still more? The policy of refined writing has ever been the parent of confusion while plain speech, without circumlocution or subterfuge, is the language of honest men. We are incessantly in need of the white light of truth blazing in the byways and corners of our economic and political life, and in this respect "Red Herring" is thrilling stuff.

You may antagonize a certain conservative, delicately yellow-calsomined class whose stomachs will not be able to digest rugged, honest criticism of iniquity in high and low places—mostly high—in our body politic. You will be called cynical and charged with not giving even "a modicum of credit for honesty of purpose," which is another way of saying: if an argument, the truth of which hurts one, is beyond one's ability or desire to answer, *ridicule* it.

We need another Voltaire crying out against the shams and shoddy of our times; the corruption and dishonesty of our institutions; to charge the blame where it belongs and not let our "rulers" continuously "pass the buck" without challenging their responsibility.

Again, let us have more from Mr. Pell's pen. "Red Herring" is like a stimulating mountain breeze to a people asphyxiated by the corrupt and rotten gases of governmental life.

Although most everything you print is worth while, the articles on Russia and Norris in this issue are exceptional, as are your book reviews, stage and movie criticism, not forgetting "From the Life."

WM. A. CORBION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED